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The Bystander, April 20, 1932 No. 1479. Vol. CXIV.

The BYSTANDER

THE HON. NANCY MITFORD

The eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Redesdale, who is at work on a new novel. One of her earlier books, "Highland Fling," enjoyed a big and well-merited success

"Supper is Served"

Society Forgathers at a West End Restaurant after the Theatre

Above: LADY PLUNKET AND MR. ROLAND TREE

MISS JOAN EYRES-MONSELL AND MR. FINLAY

A second course of supper-time pictures is served on page 115

Right: LORD PLUNKET, COUNTESS PAUL MUNSTER AND MRS. ROLAND TREE

Right: MRS. PETER HORLICK

Above: MRS. J. BALLIEU

Below: MR. GILBEY AND MISS MARGARET WHIGHAM

Photos Swaebe

The PASSING HOUR

"The Bystander" holds up the mirror to the Gay World

Taking the Air

The Marquess of Londonderry being assisted with his parachute before leaving Northolt Aerodrome en route to the Disarmament Conference at Geneva. He acted as head of the British Delegation in place of Sir John Simon

Yevonde

Lady Stanley of Alderley

Whose marriage to Lord Stanley took place recently. She was formerly Lady Audrey Chetwynd-Talbot and is the daughter of the late Captain Viscount Ingestre and of Lady Winifred Pennoyer

LORD CHARLES CAVENDISH has already been moved from his nursing home to his parents' home in Carlton Gardens, and is making such a rapid recovery from his operation for appendicitis that he ought to be up by the end of the week. Meantime, Miss Adele Astaire, his fiancée, has been over to Paris in search of a trousseau, and has just returned.

I GATHER that the plan to have the wedding as secret as possible is to be adhered to. In fact, Miss Astaire is to be married in a coat and skirt, and only the immediate members of the family will be present. It will not take place until next month, for *The Band Waggon*, in which Fred Astaire is appearing in New York, does not end its run for another fortnight. Weddings in May are unusual, but there you are.

PRIVATE entertaining has been practically non-existent this week. And, indeed, many of the young marrieds are hors de combat at the moment. Lady Erne, formerly Lady Katherine Lytton, Lady Stavordale, formerly Miss Ward, and Mrs. Drogo Montagu, formerly Miss Tanis Guinness, are all awaiting interesting events, and they are only a trio among dozens of others in Mayfair.

HAVING babies nowadays is becoming as fashionable in London again as it has become in Hollywood. The vogue started in New York, where the fashion for that jiggling kind of dancing, which has now reached London, also started. It is quite out of date in America, just as its successor over there, which consisted of dancing with your forehead pressed against that of your partner, No doubt it will reach London, too, one of these days.

ONE of the most interesting arrivals in London is Mr. David Finlay, the new American Ambassador's right-hand man. He is small and lean and rather bird-like, but is said to be the most brilliant Treasury official that the United States has had for years. He was in a party the other night with Lady Hadfield, whose nephew is in the Belgian Embassy at Washington, and attracted a good deal of attention.

MEANTIME, Mr. Walter Prendergast's hands are very full. He is the Secretary at the American Embassy, who has to deal with the applications for presentation at Court of American débutantes and others. Last year there were nearly two hundred applications for the thirty-two vacancies, which is at the rate of eight a Court. This year

An Art Exhibition

Lady Oxford and Asquith recently held an exhibition of the work of Mr. Reginald Wells, the sculptor and master potter, who has rediscovered many of the long-lost secrets of early Chinese colour glazes, at her house in Bedford Square. She is seen above with Lady Lavery, who opened the exhibition there

At Supper

Sir Henry Birkin, the famous racing motorist, and Lady Ashley seen supping at the Café de Paris

In a Chelse

Mr. Frank Dobson, the well-know studio on a bust of Lady Dorothe daughter of the Earl an

there are only a little over a hundred—a striking illustration of the bad times through which Americans are now passing.

THROUGH Mr. Prendergast I met Mr. Julius Wadsworth, who is also in the American Diplomatic Service, and was on his way to Oslo. He wanted to know where to buy hand-made shoes, shirts, pyjamas, and suit-cases, so I took him round for an hour. Oddly enough, none of the Bond Street, Burlington Arcade, or St. James's Street shops to which I took him had any book of the words to show the relative values of the pound sterling and the almighty dollar.

NONE of them, indeed, seemed to know the exchange rate. That is a tip which might be taken up. Americans and other foreigners would naturally like to know immediately what, let us say, nine guineas is in dollars or francs at the present rate of exchange. It would be such a simple thing to do, and would be extremely popular with wealthy visitors.

THE numbers of French visitors in London seems to grow every day. They find it so much gayer than in Paris. At the Café de Paris the other night there were two tables of French people next to mine, and it was rather amusing to hear their comments on Marion Harris. "Qu'est ce qu'elle veut dire?" asked a pretty French blonde when Miss Harris sang her song about Whosits and Whatsits. "Tout à l'heure," replied her male companion somewhat agitatedly.

IN the applause which ended the song I was just able to hear his explanation. "Moi je la trouve banale," was the reply, and, indeed, a Blues song *is* pretty ridiculous when it is translated into cold prose. For the rest of Miss Harris's songs I hoped that she would do her old favourite of "My Canary has circles under its eyes." Frankly eavesdropping, I was longing for the translation of it into French.

'Chasing at Cheltenham

Some spectators at the popular National Hunt meeting. In the upper photograph are seen Miss Diana Coventry and the Hon. John Coventry; and in the lower picture are shown Mrs. P. Crossman and Miss Mary Crossman

MISS HARRIS, it was Wednesday night, is certainly packing the Café de Paris. "Rubbing it in, I call it," observed Jack Harris, eyeing the floor space which was shrinking visibly. Dotted round the room was Mrs. "Pop" d'Erlanger, who was being subjected to one of our Mr. Randolph Churchill's monologues; Lady Bridgett Poulett, who is the bright particular beauty of the International Sportsman's Club, but was *not* with Lord Warwick; Mr. Edward Tatham, who is off to Punchestown Races; and a crowd of well-knowns, including Sir James Dunn and Mrs. McCorquodale, whom I had seen at dinner at the Dorchester with the Duke of Alba earlier in the evening.

THIS week at Peter North's Exhibition of Painters' Photographs you can see over fifty of our well-knowns in photographs "inspired by the old Masters." Those that you should not miss include Beverley Nichols as Whistler's "Carlyle"; Sir Gerald du Maurier as "Dante"; Lady Mary Lygon as Hoppner's "Countess of Oxford"; and Mrs. Rex Colclough as "Madame Louise." It is a pity he did not do Annie Ahlers as "Dubarry," which opened at His Majesty's on Thursday.

LIKE the famous Lady of Versailles, Miss Ahlers has Titian hair and a beautiful figure. And while on the subject, one might tell a small joke against the Lord Chamberlain, who strongly objected to the "bordelle" scene in *Dubarry*. When it was pointed out to him that it was historically accurate and an integral part of the play, he finally agreed to its inclusion on the understanding that a notice was put up to the effect that patrons could also play cards. "Personally, I don't know a King from a Jack," was Miss Ahlers comment on being told of this amendment.

MOST of the excitement this week has been provided by the thorny problem of Captain Cunningham-Reid's

Studio

sculptor, at work in his Chelsea Ashley-Cooper. She is the second Countess of Shaftesbury

A Recent Wedding

Mr. Edric Claud Hamilton-Russell, the younger son of the Hon. Claud and Mrs. Hamilton-Russell, and Miss Helen Rosa Humble, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Humble, who were married at Owston Parish Church, Yorkshire, last week. They are seen at the reception with the best man, Mr. Arthur Hamilton-Russell, and the bridesmaids, the Misses Sylvia and Edith Darley, Ruby Atkinson-Clark, Honor Luxmoore, Betty North, Joan Turner, and Ruth and Mary Lyon

A Golfing Tribute

Right: Miss Skinner, one of the founders of the Ladies' Parliamentary Golfing Society twenty-one years ago and the present Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, was recently presented with an illuminated address by members of the Society. On the left of the group is seen Mrs. Robert Fleming, the House of Commons captain; and in the centre is Lady Carisbrooke, who captains the House of Lords team

adoption as Conservative candidate at Marylebone. It looks as though he is likely to go down to history as The Man Who Would Not Take a Hint. Like last year, a formidable list of names was appended to a public letter urging the unsuitability of the gallant Captain to represent Marylebone. It really is a most extraordinary business.

UNFORTUNATELY for myself, I found that the first night of *Dubarry* clashed with the general meeting in Marylebone, and after much heart-searching, decided in favour of the former. And yet there seems to have been just as much drama, if not quite as much comedy, at the other affair. What, I ask myself naïvely, is it *really* all about?

In Aid of Charity

Three of the volunteer programme-sellers at the recent midnight matinée of the German film, "Kameradschaft," shown at the New Gallery in aid of Blaina Miners' Hospital, and attended by the Duke and Duchess of York. They are Miss Wakefield Saunders (left), Miss Diane Chamberlain, and Miss Diana Renshaw

IN the interval, Prince George leaned against the bar with Lady Alexandra Metcalfe and her husband, and somebody bet Miss Margot Graham that she would not dare to sell him a flower. Miss Olga Lynn was seeing *The Miracle* for about the hundredth time, and wearing, as usual, an outsize spray of orchids much more magnificent than one ever seems to see in the West End shops.

THE Duchess of Westminster was there. Sir Anthony Weldon arrived very late, but not as late as some others. Lady Plunket begged me to stop one of the photographers from printing a picture he took of her with her mouth wide open, but could not remember which of the eight or nine of them he was. Priscilla Lady Annesley at first refused, and then was coaxed into posing for a photograph while her shy escort hesitated. Altogether the evening was a tremendous success. Indeed, the only well-known I did not see at the Lyceum was Miss Margaret Whigham, who was dining quietly at the Embassy.

AS for *The Miracle* Festival performance—I have never seen so much summer lightning in the way of flashlight photography in my life before. One of the photographers told me that he had seen Sir John Lavery weeping quietly in the stalls, so overcome was he by the poignant drama and beauty of it all. Lord Fairfax, on the other hand, was saying that there was not enough "kick" in the first act for his liking; while a woman observed of Miss Tilly Losch, "Poor dear, she certainly did get a buffeting, didn't she?"

GLOWING accounts of Majorca have been given me by Mr. Rowland Leigh and others who have just returned. The food is excellent, the prices are lower, the green chartreuse is absurdly cheap. Spanish brandy is only a penny a glass. People were bathing there over a month

(Continued on page 107)

Above, left : Lord and Lady Plunket busy with their programmes

Above : Sir Anthony Weldon and Baroness d'Erlanger arriving at the Lyceum Theatre

Right : A group including Sir Austen Chamberlain and Mrs. Archie Campbell leaving the theatre

Below : Sir John and Lady Lavery on their arrival at the theatre

Prince George and Lady Alexandra Metcalfe in the foyer

The Festival Performance of "The Miracle"

Lady Isobel Manners (left) and Lady Ursula Manners. Their aunt, Lady Diana Manners, plays the part of the Madonna in this production at the Lyceum

Some of the many distinguished people who attended the festival performance of Max Reinhardt's production, given in aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital

ago. Lady Cynthia Slessor's husband is convalescing there, and there has been quite a visitation from people who usually are to be found at Cannes at this time of year.

OTHER returned wanderers are Mr. Victor Gordon-Lennox, who has been in the Canary Islands; the slim Marquess back from Scheidegg; Lord Darling from Palestine; Lord Craigmyle from Las Palmas; and Lord and Lady Allenby from Sweden. Our exports of notables include the departure of Lord and Lady Bradford, with Lady Anne and Lady Joan Bridgeman, in the "Atlantis" for a cruise in the Mediterranean.

MEANTIME the first faint heralds of the Season's dance list are already making themselves heard. One of the first dates, with which no other hostess will dare clash, is June 22, when Lady Rothschild and Mrs. Charles Rothschild will give a dance at 148, Piccadilly, for Miss Nica Rothschild. My recollection is that, in former years, the Rothschilds have been given the semi-royal privilege of permission for their ball-guests literally to park their cars—in Hyde Park. No doubt the police will permit it again. It certainly saves a formidable traffic block in Piccadilly.

OF the cocktail parties of the week, two of the best were those of Mrs. Vernon Parry and Mr. Saxon Mills. The latter, following the example of Mr. Godfrey Winn, gave his party at 52, Grosvenor Street, to launch his new book, *Interruption*, which was published that day. To what extent a cocktail, or a number of them, persuade you to buy your host's book I do not know. Personally, I should rather like to have statistics on the subject.

WHEN the National Government was formed there were many who much regretted that Mr. Winston Churchill was not included, and his great ability lost to the Nation. Personally, I was rather more than pleased, not because I object to "Winnie's" views, but for the reason that there are many capable politician snow-adays but few good writers, and his absence from office now allows him to devote more time to literature than he would be able to do were he kept busy with affairs of State.

WE much regret that in our issue of last week, under a photograph of a group taken at the Household Brigade Meeting at Hawthorn Hill, it was stated that Miss Betty Shaughnessy was engaged to Mr. Dennis Fitzgerald, who was included in the group. Miss Shaughnessy's mother, Mrs. Piers Legh, wishes it to be known that her daughter is not engaged to anyone, and we gladly make the correction.

Sold Out!

Last week's "Bystander"—the Spring Fashions Number—was out of print immediately. Moral: Place a standing order with your newsagent.

"Here They Come!"

Studies in concentration at the Crawley and Horsham Hunt Point-to-Point at Littleworth, Partridge Green. The quartette seen above are Lady North, Capt. Dudley Clarke and his sister, and Mr. W. Burrell

In Yorkshire

Lord and Lady Mountgarret and Mr. David Green seen at the Bramham Moor Hunt Point-to-Point meeting held last week

A Guards Wedding

Capt. Ian McClymont Tubbs, Coldstream Guards, and Miss Sophie Denys-Burton leaving the Guards Chapel, Wellington Barracks, after their wedding. The bride is the youngest daughter of the late Sir Francis Denys-Burton, and of Grace Lady Denys-Burton

Racing Hints

By "Old Orkney"

***Volcanius**, reported to be a very speedy colt, dislodged his jockey at the start of a Newmarket race, and many admirers lost their money. Bear in mind for an early engagement.*

***Udaipur**, half-sister to Ut Majeur, will win races. Was considered a sound investment in a betting sense at Newmarket. Finished second in a field of twenty-two.*

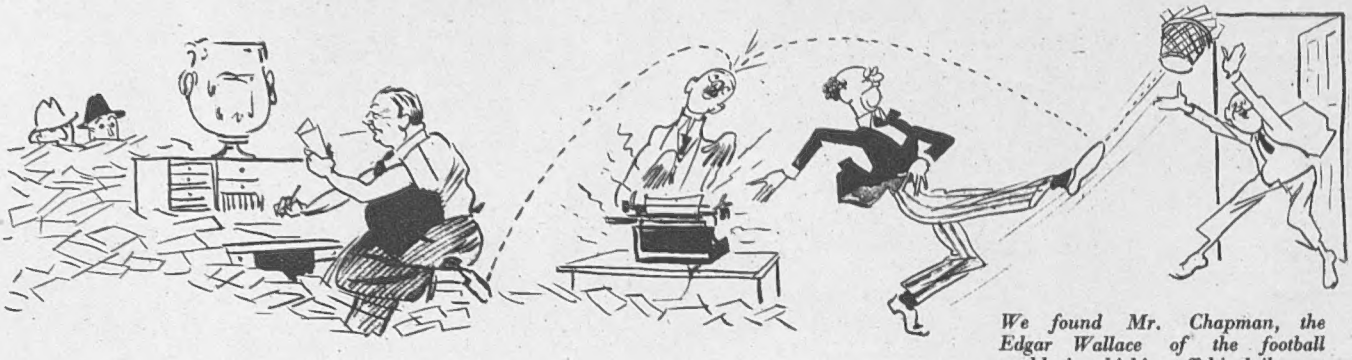
***Bir Haakim** was strongly fancied at Aintree and Newbury, and was none too lucky in the South. Continue to support with each way wagers.*

***Aidetta**, full of life, suffered a narrow defeat at Newbury after being backed heavily with every confidence. Will atone in the near future.*

***Gladius** was well in the picture up to a mile and a half at Kempton, and should be followed at Sandown. Is looking very fit.*

***Portofino** has grown into a handsome three-year-old and is one to follow in the North.*

Collaborators at Large: Introducing a New Partnership



We found Mr. Chapman, the Edgar Wallace of the football world, just kicking off his daily post

Training for T' Coop

Gerard Fairlie and H. H. Harris, on the eve of the Cup-Tie, assume the rôle of Soccer Sleuths

WE went down to Highbury in a car. This was extravagant, but much nicer, and after Harris had got me past the Rose and I had got him past the Crown, only a few traffic policemen delayed us.

The moment we met Mr. Herbert Chapman I took out my notebook and borrowed a pencil from Harris, as if I knew shorthand. I asked him point-blank what team was going to play in the final. He said it was going to be say "Up the Blues" when the lily-whites are playing the black-and-ambers. We did catch a glimpse or two, and Harris got so excited that he took back his pencil, and I had to try to remember. That made Mr. Chapman practically certain of safety.

THEN, after we had seen and digested all these things, and Harris had tried conclusions with one of the foam baths and lost and got lost, and I had found him again, and tried to score a goal from the penalty spot, and discovered how much laughter can come from only Harris and Mr. Chapman and one assistant trainer, Mr. Chapman took us to a very holy place. When we went to Highbury, Alec James was on everybody's lips in hushed tones, since nobody was quite sure whether the little genius would be able to play in Saturday's match or not, and it was therefore right and fitting that the ceremonial which Mr. Herbert Chapman then went through should be accomplished in silence. We were shown Alec James's pants. His football pants. Mr. James seems to be extravagant; but perhaps pants as well as skirts are being worn longer nowadays.

McEwan and Whittaker dealing out foam syrup for special bathing—Mr. Chapman's new training for cup finalists. The foam costs £7 7s. 0d. a gallon!

Sketches by H. H. Harris

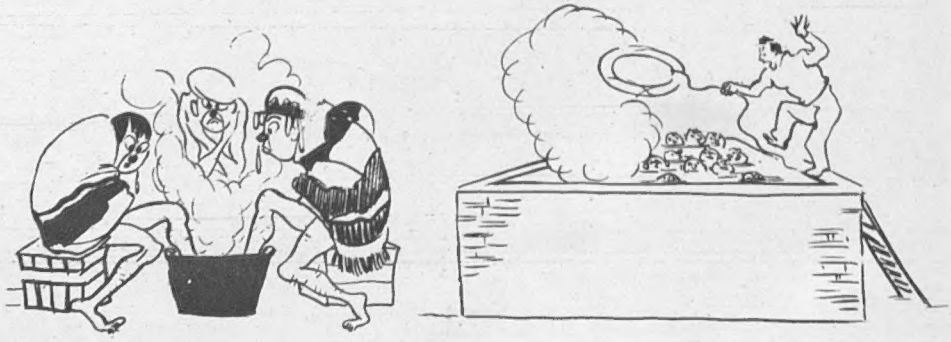
Fairlie, as chief froth-blower, helps Harris with his pencil-pushing at the Arsenal training quarters. On the right, players are seen leaving baths after special foam treatment. The one second from the left is saying "Cheerio!"

the Arsenal. I sent a reply-paid wire asking the same question to Newcastle United that evening, much to the disgust of the Editor; but I pointed out to him that Newcastle is practically Scotland, and got a reply to the effect that it was going to be Newcastle United. Then I remembered that I had meant who were going to be the players, but it was too late to go back and ask again.

Mr. Herbert Chapman then showed us all his players hard at work doing things which Mr. Herbert Chapman has discovered, after years of Mr. Herbert Chapman, to be most beneficial to their health and playing ability.

AS a matter of fact, we did not actually see the players getting going on the contraptions. Mr. Herbert Chapman is just a little nervous about news getting to Newcastle instead of coals, and I suppose he was apprehensive lest my great knowledge of the game might be lent to the other side. But I am notoriously impartial, and am quite apt to

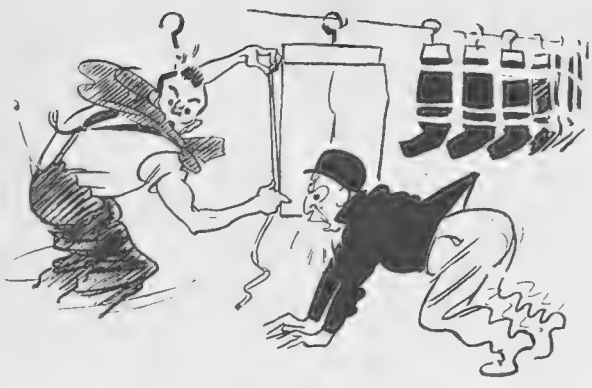
THE ground itself was the next item on the agenda. A football ground without a crowd is rather a strange thing to examine. It looks extremely naked, and the kind gentleman who took us all over it spoke of sixty thousand spectators rather as one might talk of clothes. He remarked that next season there will be space for ninety thousand, with



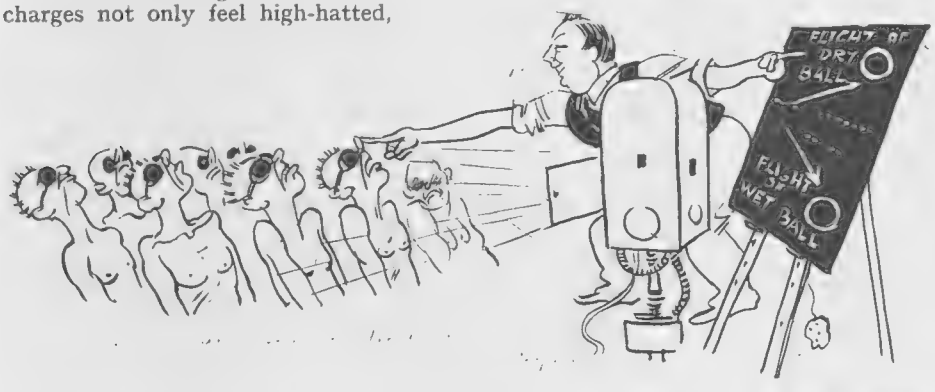
Before the advent of Mr. Chapman, baths at the Arsenal were one-foot-at-a-time affairs, but now the trainer must guard against any of the players not coming up for the third time!

covered seating accommodation for a good ten thousand of that number, and I felt inclined to tell Harris that next winter I have made arrangements to have a tweed overcoat as well as a mackintosh. To say nothing of a bowler for covering, as well as my Homburg, or gent's soft.

THE influence of Mr. Chapman on the Arsenal Football Club is by no means confined to the acquisition of ten-thousand-pound footballers. When he came to the club, the arrangements for the comfort of his acquisitions were below the standard which he thought they should be. It did not take him long to make his charges not only feel high-hatted,



Whittaker and McEwan, the Arsenal trainers, find that Alec James's shorts have shrunk! Note the Arsenal socks on sock-trees!



Picture of the Arsenal team enjoying sun-ray treatment and a football lecture by Mr. Chapman

but positively Ritzy. They may now indulge in a little swimming, so large are the baths, to be followed by a little sunbathing, so perfect are the violet rays, as soon as they leave the field. Should any slight repercussions from the battle just waged become apparent, Trainer Tom Whittaker is ready with everything that the mind of Mr. Chapman could devise. Including lots of foam, which, in the words of the assistant trainer, acts just as a Turkish bath should do, without any of the possible disturbance of the heart.

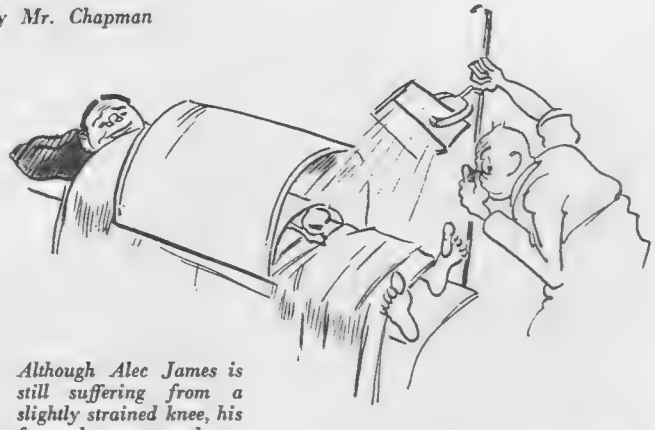
It is easy to see why the Arsenal is such a successful club; it has the ten-thousand-pound footballers, it has Mr. Herbert Chapman, and it has every known, and a lot of unknown, devices for keeping the acquisitions fit.

I HAVE not yet met Mr. Andy Cunningham, who is Mr. Herbert Chapman's opposite number with Newcastle United. But Harris and I have got a shilling to nothing with nobody that he must envy the amazing contraptions which they have at the Highbury ground, even if only to play with. Think of losing your players in foam! Whenever the Arsenal are troubled about team selection, the doubtfuls are foamed, and the one who gets out first gets the vacant place. Perhaps I should not have given away this great secret, but it is so important to the football world that I hope Mr. Chapman will forgive me.

TRAINING for the Cup Final, however, is not entirely confined to those who are actually playing in the match. There have been several complaints from residents in the neighbourhood of the referee's house because of whistling solos, and both linesmen have been accused of taking a course in semaphore. Several hundred policemen have been learning to look in two directions at once, and approximately ninety-three thousand spectators have been trying on their red or their black and white, and going to bed early in order to keep the throat in perfect condition for a united shout of "Hands!"

It had been a most interesting morning, and two things had come out very noticeably: the first, that the professional footballer has to work very hard indeed for his living, even though he does make it by playing a game; and the second, that the secret of the success of the Arsenal Football Club must, to a great extent, come from the team spirit so very obvious to the casual visitor. The Arsenal are quite certain about the result of the match next Saturday at Wembley, although they are not making the mistake of under-rating the skill and speed of their opponents. But the Arsenal say that the Reds must win.

Newcastle United are just as proud of their achievements as are the Arsenal. Newcastle are, in fact, quite certain about the result of the match next Saturday at Wembley, although they are not making the mistake of under-rating the skill and speed of their opponents. But Newcastle say that the Black-and-Whites (vertical stripes) must win.



Although Alec James is still suffering from a slightly strained knee, his footwork seems to be as strong as ever

Next Week

Fairlie and Harris, partners in crime, will be at Wembley Stadium on Saturday. Their impressions of the Final will, if fit for publication, appear on April 27.

Meanwhile, the Newcastle players are just training in the ordinary way and the only foam baths they have are at the mouth!

A HOLLYWOOD REUNION

When Noel Coward visited Hollywood recently he was the guest of Tallulah Bankhead, who returned to her native America not so long ago to become a film star, after being a leading lady on the English stage for some years. Our Film Correspondent tells on page 141 of Noel Coward's first film story and what happened to it

Hors d'Oeuvres

By "Caviare"

FEW women wear a headdress of any sort these days, but Lady Lavery looked lovely in one of flowers and diamonds the other night, and Lady Headfort is seldom seen without a band of ribbons. Lady Grant has a tiny tortoiseshell tiara which is most original; but the loveliest decoration of all is when Mrs. Dudley Ward wears a red gardenia against her dark hair.

THE bad-taste firework joke on Sir John Leigh's house has brought the bright young people into the public eye again; but there are rumours that they were not so very young, and certainly of no social brightness. As a clever politician once said: "A hairy heel generally means a —— mind."

WHAT HO! for the same cotton dress with Hawaiian garland. The Duchess of Westminster has it; Mrs. Marshall Field has it; Lady Queensberry has it; Miss Peggy Wood has it; Mme. Nikitina has it; Mrs. Claude Leigh has it; and hundreds more.

TALKING of Mrs. Claude Leigh, photographs never do her justice, her lovely colouring is lost, and they generally snapshot her face at a bad angle. Miss Sheila Berry is another unfortunate. Lady Furness, on the contrary, is a most successful subject, and I have never seen a bad picture of the Beatons—why are they not film stars?

SUMMER is nearly here, and Lady Ebbisham has opened her lovely house at Sea View. Bembridge-ites will be getting ready their rival attractions. As usual, the season for sailing will find the Morlands, the Saviles, and the Bellevilles in full force, and the Garland Club full of excitements, rumours, and gossip.

CHATTERING tongues have been busy over Lord Birkenhead, but to no avail. Freddy, as his friends call him, is good-looking and clever; he is much quieter and more dignified than another young man of whom we hear so much.

Kay Vaughan

Miss Averil Streatfeild

The attractive daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Henry Streatfeild. She is among this year's débutantes and will be presented at one of the Courts during the season

LADY CARISBROOKE is such a very graceful person; in spite of her height, she moves very beautifully. Mrs. Jenkinson always seems acutely conscious of her six-foot-odd, and looks unhappy when she dances. Lady Delamere, like Lady Weymouth, seems perfect, and dwarfs other women in the room.

WHY has a certain young man twice cancelled his passage to Africa; and why doesn't she go with him?

LADY SCARSDALE'S gold sequin dress makes me quite envious in these poverty-stricken days. Lady Scarsdale has got excellent taste, and has decorated Kedleston perfectly. When the late Lord Curzon died, he had only completed the state-rooms. There is at present no direct heir, as Lord and Lady Scarsdale have three daughters: Ann, Gloria, and Juliana.

THE latest fashion is to dress to one's hair. Mrs. "Pop" d'Erlanger was in a platinum-blonde chiffon dress the other night, and looked lovely. The d'Erlangers certainly choose beautiful wives. Mrs. Leo d'Erlanger, with her pale golden-haired slimness, affords a marked contrast to Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger with her very dark, interesting looks.

Hay Wrightson

Mrs. George Hay Whigham

One of the most popular hostesses of to-day who entertains extensively for her daughter, Miss Margaret Whigham, one of the best known of the younger set in Society. Mr. and Mrs. Whigham have a beautiful house at Ascot, where they have given many parties

MISS PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY, more magnificently beautiful than ever, was applauding her friend, Lady Denison-Ross, when she played at the Dorchester Hotel last week. No one else is such a perfect type for Britannia, and our hungry beauties look very unimportant when they are seen beside her.

IS it true that a famous mannequin, separated from her husband, cannot escape—or dispense with—the attentions of a young man? Is a rescuer seriously needed?

THERE is a rumour that a lady renowned for her snobbery is engaging a titled chauffeur.

I WONDER if the present débutantes will improve with the passing years. Lady Plunket, whose eldest son is now a school-boy, gets lovelier every time I see her, and Lady Milbanke looks more radiant and more beautiful every year. They neither of them have that stiff setness which so many young marrieds seem to assume nowadays.

MY prize this week goes to Miss Winifred Paget, who, in spite of being brought up on vegetables, is gay, animated, and very sweet.

D

A Masterpiece by a Young Dramatist—

Blizzard, Beethoven, and Business

Joseph Schindler (John Gielgud) soothes his nerves as the storm rages, while Samuel Plagett (Finlay Currie) tries to do a deal by laying his cards on the table before Wilhelm Schindler (Frank Vosper), whose oil wells the Yankee is anxious to buy for a syndicate. Mrs. Schindler (Amy Veness), at the back, who is most anxious for the wells to be sold, is shedding four tears at her husband's firm intention to stick out for his own price, and one which he ultimately obtains from the American Syndicate

KINDLY critics, when they deal with the initial effort of a young dramatist, are, as likely as not, to touch lightly on obvious faults and encourage youth by saying that his work shows promise. No such patronage is necessary when dealing with Mr. Ronald Mackenzie's first play, *Musical Chairs*, at the Criterion Theatre, for the reason that it has no obvious faults, and his work shows not promise, but performance.

I SHOULD say that this is an amazing effort, did not this play appear to be written with effortless ease. Every one of the author's seven characters—not one of which lags superfluous—is as life-like as can be. We get to know them at once, and are deeply interested in one and all, from Joseph Schindler, the war-shattered youth who is the principal character, to the little Polish servant, Anna, on the make, who is as pleased to be seduced as Joseph's father, Wilhelm Schindler, is to seduce her.

THIS play has been compared by an erudite critic to Tcheckov, which is grossly unfair to Ronald Mackenzie. Tchechov's characters, to me, always appear to moon about and do nothing except talk about their immortal souls. They may be true to Russian character; I dare say they are, but they bore me to distraction. I always feel inclined to rush upon the stage, knock their heads together and beg them, for Heaven's sake, not to let things drift.

THE cleverness in Ronald Mackenzie's play, and where it *can* be compared with the Russian dramatist, is in the creation of atmosphere, but Scotland beats Russia in conjuring up something vital! I have never been to Poland, where the action of this play takes place, but, thanks to the author and the brilliant production of Komisarjevsky, I feel now that I know something about that country.

AS is so often the case, in even the best of modern drama, the story is of secondary consideration. Some oil wells, which do not pay, are for sale, and they are finally bought by an American for his company. Incorporated in this theme are the domestic affairs of the owner, Wilhelm Schindler, with that grown-up son, Joseph, of the shattered nerves. Mr. Schindler has married a widow who also has a grown-up son and daughter, and that son is engaged to an American girl, while the daughter has lost her heart to her step-brother.

THE musical chairs of the title are exemplified when young Joseph Schindler falls in love with the American girl, and gets her away from his step-brother, and the end is tragedy—for Joseph loses his life when trying to save his step-sister from committing suicide. The affair between Wilhelm Schindler and the maid, Anna, is also cleverly interwoven in a theme which, though it may *sound* gloomy, reserves its gloom until the very

The Tempted an

Mr. Wilhelm Schindler (Frank Vosper), driven fr sleeps on the sitting-room sofa, and that "early morni endurable on discovering that the maidservant, An captured his elderly affections, is capable not o

and a Dire Failure By Vernon Woodhouse

Making a Meal of It

Below: Geoffrey Preston (Jack Livesey) finds his stepbrother, Joseph Schindler (John Gielgud), having a meal with Irene Baumer (Carol Goodner), an American girl to whom he is engaged. This meal, as the illustration shows, is one so closely associated with a salon privé that, not unnaturally, Geoffrey becomes annoyed and a stand-up fight of one round and a bruised head for Joseph is the unfortunate result

SKETCHES OF "MUSICAL CHAIRS," AT THE CRITERION THEATRE, BY KEN

the Temptress

his couch by a nagging wife, feeling" is made even less (Dorice Fordred), who has of love, but also of blackmail

end. And here, again, this is where Ronald Mackenzie differs from Tchechov, for the former possesses a keen sense of humour and allows it full play.

THIS is one of the best plays which has been seen on the London stage for a decade, and the company must sense the fact, for they act to perfection. Young John Gielgud as the nerve-racked youth is absolutely brilliant. Not one single effect escapes him, and yet he is no better than other members of the company. Carol Goodner, for instance, as the American girl, is amazingly effective. The humour in the character of the elder Schindler is brought out perfectly by Frank Vosper, but not more perfectly than his grief—all so quiet—at the loss of his son.

MARGARET WEBSTER, in a most difficult part, proves that the art of heredity counts in acting, as does Jack Livesey in an unsympathetic rôle, while other characters are perfectly played by Amy Veness as Mrs. Schindler II., Finlay Currie, a most amusing American, and Dorice Fordred as the Polish maid—or, rather, maid-servant. I feel I should owe an apology for departing from my usual custom and writing about this play in superlatives, and my only excuse is that *Musical Chairs* deserves it.

THE complete failure of *Caravan*, which Sir Barry Jackson staged at the Queen's Theatre, was more startling than the usual run of failures. The theatrical world is a whispering gallery, and some little time before a first night, gossip will be busy with a new production, and "flops" are often predicted with unerring accuracy before the curtain rises on the first night. When one learns, for instance, that an unknown author is financing his own play, one can, as a rule, tremble for his bank balance, and look forward to a wasted evening, for, generally speaking, it is a thousand to one on such a play having been hawked round managements and unregretfully declined, ere the author himself decides on taking the risk of production himself.

THE late Edgar Wallace financed his own productions, it is true, but then he was an established success, and did so knowing there was little risk if the play were from his own pen. His worst and almost his only failure was not his own original work.

BUT what made the failure of *Caravan* startling was because one does not expect the judgment of a manager of experience like Sir Barry Jackson so completely to fail to gauge the taste of the public as he did with *Caravan*, for which a fine cast had been engaged and on which a beautiful production was lavished. One critic went out of his way to suggest that the acting was to blame. I cannot endorse that judgment. Bad casting can ruin a play, as a recent Shakespearean failure has proved, but in the case of *Caravan* it was the play, and nothing but the play, which was to blame. It would be grossly unfair to call over the coals any of the cast, from Cedric Hardwicke downwards, for not succeeding in investing *Caravan* with interest.

AND yet I believe that at the dress-rehearsal an American agent was so impressed with the performance that he was clamorous to secure the rights for his principals in the United States. *After* the first night, I doubt if there was any clamour at all from anybody.

FOR one thing the theme did not appeal to English taste. Circus folk may be popular at Olympia; they may also make an appeal between the boards of a book written by Lady Eleanor Smith; but such characters are dangerous to put upon the stage. It is true that in musical comedy the circus affords a bright background, and in years gone by *The Circus Girl* was a big success; but even in musical comedy the circus ring does not necessarily appeal, and *Houp La*, produced at a later date, only achieved a short run.

THE truth of the matter is that *Caravan* was a German play, German in tone and German in sentiment, and we do not see eye to eye with the Teuton in such matters. A German operetta certainly. But serious German romance. . . !

HOWARD MARSHALL discusses Seven-a-Side Rugger

THE Middlesex Seven-a-Side Tournament at Twickenham next Saturday, brings the Rugby football season to an appropriately frolicsome and friendly end. It is an admirable affair, this tournament, and there is always plenty of excitement during the final rounds.

I wish one of the smaller clubs would win for a change—Arks, let us say, or Cosmo, or Stan. Tels and Cabs II., or even the formidable-sounding 600 City of London (Bombing)—but so far the Harlequins and the London Welsh have shown the best understanding of this peculiar game. Whether there is really a great deal to understand I am not certain, though Scotsmen frequently tell us scornfully that in the South we know nothing whatever about seven-a-side football.

A TEAM from Hawick or Gala, they say, would wipe the floor with our champions, and we humbly agree with them, though I have an idea that the Harlequin seven, which was invincible four or five years ago, would have held its own in any company. The Harlequins then had W. W. Wakefield, W. F. Browne, and H. L. Price or J. S. Chick as forwards; V. G. Davies at half-back, H. C. C. Laird and R. H. Hamilton-Wickes as three-quarters; and J. C. Gibbs at full-back, and that combination of speed and experience made a difficult nut for any opposition to crack.

AS I see it, there are two main factors in this pemmicanised football. One is speed, and the other is conservation of energy. Time and again at Twickenham we have watched teams piling up points against weak opponents in the preliminary rounds, thus tiring themselves out unnecessarily. The art of sitting on a lead has to be carefully cultivated, for although only seven minutes each way are played, the swiftest runner begins to lose his pace when he has sprinted the length of the ground half-a-dozen times in quick succession.

THE speed merchants, incidentally, operate at full-back, where they have a chance of running round their opponents, and it was here that a phenomenally fast man like J. C. Gibbs was invaluable. We have no one quite as fast playing to-day, and if I were picking a representative team from the four Home Unions to challenge the Springboks or the All Blacks, I think my full-back would be E. W. F. de V. Hunt.

For three-quarters I would pick J. C. Morley and R. W. Boon, with P. Murray at half-back; and J. Graham, W. McRoss and J. G. Watherston, of Cambridge, as my forwards. Perhaps this is a hasty selection, for I find I have left out A. C. Harrison, which will never do, and how about W. C. Powell, a dangerous seven-a-side player if ever there was one? At any rate, I leave it for you to tear to pieces in the intervals between the rounds when you visit Twickenham again on Saturday next.

The Camera Scores Three Points

In the large photograph is seen Mr. R. J. Barr, of Leicester and England, with his fiancée, Miss J. Millington, at the wedding of his sister and Miss Millington's brother. The upper oval shows E. W. F. de V. Hunt, the Irish player; and in the lower oval, J. C. Morley, the Welsh International

AND now I suppose the moment has come for those valedictory platitudes with which we wind up every season. Unfortunately, if I may quote Mr. Micawber, all that I have to say in this way, I have said. Only a few detached impressions remain, stray incidents in various matches which have stuck in my memory. I can still, for example, see G. R. Beamish scoring his try against the Springboks at Leicester, when he lumbered irresistibly for thirty yards before he fell triumphantly over the line, and then there was Zimmerman, in that same historic match, running with furious determination from his own twenty-five, ricochetting off Barr's head-on tackle, and beating three opponents in his amazing dash for the corner-flag. I remember, too, Brand's superb place-kicking, when he converted all the six Springbok tries against London, and the duel between W. Roberts and W. T. Anderson, the rival stand-off halves, in the 'Varsity match.

ODDLY enough, a casual remark by a spectator comes vividly to mind. We were watching a club game, and S. A. Block, the Harlequin full-back, kicked a prodigious length to touch. "Why," said the spectator, "he was using his left foot then." This was true enough, and greatly to Block's credit, but the amazement with which the comment was made suggested that a full-back nowadays is hardly expected to use both feet equally well.

I mention this because it seems to me illuminating. There was a time when we took it for granted that not only full-backs, but all outsides, should be able to kick with either foot, but how many modern full-backs can really kick accurately with one foot, let alone two? This brings me to the fact that we do not sufficiently practise the elementary arts of the game. Very few members of the bigger London clubs practise at all, for that matter, and as a result, match after match is spoilt by downright bad passing and kicking.

IT is a pity, I think, that teams no longer turn out for a quarter of an hour or so before a game begins, to pass and punt the ball about, and have shots at goal. In these punctilious days the players do not emerge from their changing-rooms until the starting time, or even later.

It is not easy to think of full-backs who can kick efficiently; three-quarters or stand-off halves who can both give and time their passes properly; scrum-halves who can sling the ball out fast and accurately; or forwards who can dribble. This is no exaggeration, but a painful statement of fact. How often, for instance, do we see a forward break away with the ball at his feet to run twenty, thirty, or forty yards, keeping the ball under close control all the way? Very rarely, I'm afraid, and yet ball control can be acquired, as players like G. S. Conway have certainly proved.

Snapped at Supper

Personalities portrayed at the Café de Paris after the première at the Lyceum Theatre

Right: Mrs. Baillie-Hamilton, Mr. Fitzpatrick, and Lady Adare finding the "mauvais quart d'heure" a far from unenjoyable time

Above:
Mr. John Loder, Lady Dashwood, Lord Scarsdale, and Mrs. Redmond McGrath

Above, right:
Sir John Dashwood, Lady Scarsdale, Lady Mount Temple, and Baron Geemen-Waldel

Right:
Mrs. and Mr. Rex Hartley (who leaves for America shortly with the Walker Cup team) and Miss Marion Harris, who entertains visitors at the Café de Paris with sophisticated songs

Photos Swaebe

Above: A scene from the Reinhardt production of "The Miracle," at the Lyceum Theatre, showing the Madonna (Diana Manners) worshipping at the altar steps before returning to the pedestal, on the right, where may be observed her empty robes. Left: Part of the auditorium transformed, for the time being, into a Gothic cathedral

"'Midst Splendour Unrivalled"

THE MIRACLE OF "THE MIRACLE"

The scene above is taken during the Procession of the Host in the cathedral, with worshippers before the statue of the Blessed Virgin, while the halt and the maimed are gathered together. Later, the cripple (Glen Byam Shaw), on the stretcher, is miraculously restored to health. Below on the left: The Coronation scene in "The Miracle," in which the grouping of Reinhardt and the colouring of the Messel costumes together afford a wonderful feast for the eye

Above: Another view of the auditorium showing how the boxes are now concealed with what is apparently stonework

Left: The scene in the forest, showing in the foreground the Nun (Tilly Losch) bending over the dead body of the knight (Ivan Brandt), while the Nun's evil genius, the Spielmann (Leonide Massine), looks on gloatingly behind a tree. The miming of Tilly Losch, the Nun, of Diana Manners, the Madonna, and the choreography of Leonide Massine, are all on a par with the beauty of this lavish and tasteful production

"In the Pathless Woods"

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"Has that woman no shame?"

KEEP COOL!

A correspondent in an evening paper laments the number of golf and lawn-tennis players who are all too prone to irritability, and says that if they would only remember these are but games their tempers would improve very considerably

IF I missed a foot putt at the fourth
In the bad days that now have gone by,
I'd give way to such terrible wrath
That it made even pros. start to cry.
If my drive got the trace of a slice
I would rave like a madman all day,
And my language was so vitriolic and low
That the caddies all fainted away.

If I served double-faults more than twice,
Or foozled a kill at the net,
I would jibber with rage in a trice,
Howling oaths that I'd later regret.
If a "foot-fault" was called, I would smash
Up my racket and storm off the court
As I swore long and loud at the horrified crowd
In a way that a man "didn't ought."

But to-day I am childlike and bland
And enjoy golf and tennis so much
I confess that I can't understand
Any need for bad language and such;
And the reason I now enjoy games
To their utmost and never see red
Is that I'm on the shelf and can't play them myself—
I watch others get angry instead! B. W.

feels like asking for a nice quiet seat on the stage. Also, the latecomer business is a bit bothering. The Sitwells, for instance, who were not performing in *The Miracle* (for they have not long been back from a yachting cruise with the Duke and Duchess of Westminster), made their entrance about the same time that Maud Allan, the Abbess, did. The necessary comic relief on this important occasion was provided by the fortissimo "Sh-sh-sh!" which indignant stallites emitted at what seemed to be loud gabbling in one of the boxes soon after the thing had started. It proved to be concealed nuns praying in Latin. Perhaps, after all, there is something to be said for seeing a cathedral in a play rather than a play in a cathedral.

TALKING of cathedrals, a new (and, of course, self-styled) Messiah, one Shri Baba, has arrived in Kensington. He is not, however, of the cathedral type, and is a dusky gentleman from India who looked at one time as if he were about to scoop up as much publicity as Gandhi. But between the two men there are great differences, the first being that, whereas Gandhi hardly ever stops talking, Baba has not uttered, so it is declared, a single word for seven years. Further, Gandhi is bald, and Baba has lots of wool—more than three bags full, I should guess. He is said to be in close touch with the spirits—a regular Baba au rhum, in fact.

MR. RICHARD SICKERT shows that there is little in a name, so far as he is concerned. He paints just as well now he prefers to be called Richard Sickert as he did when he was Walter Sickert. He is, above all, the same dominant personality with a tonic effect. You can see the latest, and some of the best, of his work at his exhibition at the Beaux Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, which will remain open until May 14.

Although there is much novelty in his vigorous brush-work, Mr. Sickert has gone back again for many of his subjects to his beloved Mid-Victorian period. He has not "codded" these. He has taken their themes and developed them with care and even with reverence. His "Idyll," for instance, is described as being after "John Gilbert," who had nothing to do with the "pictures" in the sense usually accepted nowadays, but who, born rather more than a century ago, used to contribute many drawings on wood to the *Illustrated London News* very considerably before most of us were born. Of the same type is Sickert's very fine work, "Emigrants at Melbourne."

Paul Tanqueray
Carol Goodner

Carol Goodner, the young actress playing the lead with John Gielgud in "Musical Chairs." The new play is proving a very real success at the Criterion Theatre

THE silence of Paris just now is extraordinary. Was it, after all, only the visitors who made the Gay City gay? One can walk along the Boulevard des Capucines at midnight and find it about as exciting as Holborn at a similar hour. Most of the Montmartre cabarets and bars are closed, those which remain open striving pathetically to attract the rare visitor by offers of "champagne compris." The Rue Pigalle is rather less crowded than, say, High Street, Guildford,

Joan Marsh

One of Hollywood's bright young platinum blondes who has a large army of "fans." She is under contract with the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, for whom she has played many leading parts

Civic State at Temple Bar

Miss Marjorie Arlette du Cros, who was recently married at St. Paul's Cathedral to Mr. Richard Atherley Jenks, the son of the Lord Mayor of London and Lady Jenks, was met at the City boundary at Temple Bar by the State coach, in which she completed the journey to St. Paul's Cathedral. She is seen above with her father, Sir Arthur du Cros, about to enter the coach

but, at present, at any rate, considerably cheaper.

The number of restaurants in Paris which run an admirable lunch or dinner for as little as 12 fr. or 15 fr.—not obscure little establishments in back streets, but places of good standing—is really quite extraordinary.

The truth of the matter is that the fall of the pound (rising very nicely again now, thank you) has made life for the Englishman in Paris not dearer but cheaper, if the problem is tackled in the right way. Not only have Paris tradesmen and restaurateurs been, for the most part, sensible enough at last to bring down their prices to meet the situation; the English, with 90 something francs to the pound instead of 123, make strict economies on their own account, and, ceasing to treat francs as "chicken food," do not chuck them about quite so freely.

Tasks and Faces

Jane Baxter and Audrey Cameron, who will take leading parts in the forthcoming production of "Faces," at the Comedy Theatre. They will play beauty specialist assistants, and are seen above at the Phyllis Earle Institut de Beauté, in Dover Street, receiving expert instruction in the gentle art of facial massage

Convalescent

The lawn-tennis International, H. W. Austin, and Mrs. Austin, who is well known as Phyllis Konstam, the film star, resting on Hampstead Heath. The photograph was taken during "Bunny" Austin's first outing after the recent operation to his nose, which will keep him out of tournament match-play for a little time yet

THE production of *The Miracle*, at the Lyceum, to which I have already referred on a previous page, brings back many memories of the original show at Olympia. Rotund, genial little "Pa" Payne was associated with that, as was, of course, C. B. Cochran. "Pa" Payne ran the Lotus Club and a club in the City, and skating rinks and the "Sunny Spain" Exhibition at Earl's Court and heaven knows what else. But it was Cochran's idea to get Humperdinck to write the music—Strauss having been the first suggestion. They rolled a whole mountain into Olympia, I remember. And the Madonna was Maria Carmi, whose name was not Carmi at all, but something very different. And the Spielmann was Max Pollenberg, whom I saw the other day in Berlin playing the comedian's part in a strange production of *The Mikado*. And Gertrude Lawrence, now leading lady at the Haymarket, was playing not quite such a leading part in the Olympia *Miracle*. And we were all very much younger. And some of our most clamorously egotistical dramatic critics were not born.

WHETHER the staging of *The Miracle* in the home of melodrama and pantomime will result in a sort of General Post in Theatreland remains to be seen. Somehow I cannot quite visualise *The Bad Girl of the Family* invading the dignified purlieus of the St. James's or Sir Oswald Stoll deciding to replace Tyrolese Inns at the Coliseum and Viennese Waltzes at the Alhambra with a season of Tchechov!

Most Moving!

Alexis Dolinoff as he appeared in the new Mexican ballet, "H.P.," recently produced in Philadelphia with an orchestra numbering over a hundred. "H.P." in this case stands, not for "Harry Preston," but for "Horse Power"

In Ould Oireland

Miss Beatrice Sherlock, the winner, and Miss Peggy Morgan-Byrne, who finished second in the Ladies' Race at the Bray Harriers Point-to-Point at Calary, County Wicklow. Miss Morgan-Byrne won no fewer than fifty-nine rosettes in jumping competitions held during last season

My Weekly Thought

Advice to the Young

By Norman Thwaites

A YOUNG relative of mine, now in his second year at Oxford, has come to me for advice. He contemplates coming down without taking his degree. He is eager for the fray. He wants to get to work. A most admirable spirit, and quite unlike all-too-many post-war youths who, when looking for a job of work, first enquire the length of the vacations to be allowed them!

But I am entirely opposed to the course my young friend proposes. Believing, as one must, in the Public School system and a University education, I tell him that 90 per cent. of men of mark in this country, or any other, are alumni of the old-established seats of learning. Take "Who's Who," and you will find that those who have deserved well of their country, are in overwhelming numbers graduates of universities, or men of the Naval and Military academies.

Old boys of the "Britannia" and of Dartmouth College led our squadrons and fleets at sea, and members of Sandhurst and Woolwich were divisional and army commanders in British campaigns. This without any slur upon the citizen soldier, who covered himself with glory in the Great European War.

HAVING admitted this, one has to own that the fetish of education has become a menace to national efficiency, and it is worth while to consider with Dr. Cyril Norwood, whether before we further increase our output of Bachelors of Arts, we might not, by a different training, produce some useful recruits for trade and commerce.

Public schools were wont to explain to anxious parents that their education was cultural, not vocational. Nevertheless, Eton and Oxford, Winchester and Cambridge, have produced brilliant men of affairs, diplomats, and administrators who have been the envy of other lands because of their sense of fair play and real love of justice.

WHAT, then, asks my young friend, makes for success in life? To defeat my argument, he cites the outstanding achievements of men like the Marquess of Reading, who made his way without the advantages of school or college, yet became Lord Chief Justice, British Ambassador to Washington, and Viceroy of India; of Lloyd George, of humble origin, who has sat in Parliament for forty years, becoming Chancellor of the Exchequer and Premier of Great Britain; of Ramsay MacDonald, twice Prime Minister; and of Sir William Robertson, once a footman and a trooper of cavalry, and now Field-Marshal.

I retort that this country, even more than the United States, is a land of unlimited possibilities where true merit is more quickly recognised than in any other. Witness the fact that more than half the students at Oxford are not public school men, but youths from the Board and Secondary schools. Nevertheless, I believe a dull-witted fellow, with a public school and university training behind him, starts well ahead of the brighter youth who cannot claim these advantages.

AS for a definition as to what makes for success, it was Francis Parkman who said that success comes to him "who discovers his aptitude and develops it"; while the late President Roosevelt's recipe was "Persistence, Perseverance, and unflagging Courage."

The reason that Scots, Welshmen, and Hebrews so often make a success in England is due to the fact that they want what they want with such intense enthusiasm, and the Englishman, with an indolent appreciation of industry (even if reluctant to practise it himself), has an unerring instinct for discovering those who will do his jobs for him.

My advice to my young relative was this: To achieve success—if by success you mean material advancement, the appointment to the seats of the mighty—the first essential is to set for yourself a life's policy and to follow it closely with tenacity of purpose. Do not drift. Reject the path of least resistance and do not suffer fools gladly.

Matters Equine

The Hon. Anthony Lowther and Lady Buchanan-Jardine at the Dumfriesshire Point-to-Point. The meeting, which drew a very large attendance, was held on Hungry Hill, Lockerbie

Mrs. Ormerod and the Hon. Archibald Cubitt. They are seen above at the Melton Mowbray Hunter Trials, which took place recently at the Remount Depot, Asfordby Road, Melton Mowbray

Spanish Fire and Latin Grace

Lupe Velez, the South American film star, whose screen vamping has brought her international fame. She plays the fiery Señorita opposite Leo Carrillo and Melvyn Douglas in the Paramount production of the stage success, "The Broken Wing," produced in 1922

Below on the right is seen the Hon. Mrs. Ian Bowater with her daughter, Susan. She is the daughter of Lord Dawson of Penn, the Physician-in-Ordinary to His Majesty

The Hon. Mrs. Ian Bowater

Mother and Daughter

Lady Louis Mountbatten with her younger daughter, Pamela. She has been staying at Beaulieu, on the Riviera, as the Mediterranean Fleet, with which Lord Louis is serving, has recently been at Villefranche

The Hon. Mrs. Bryc Guinness and Baby Bo

Above is seen a recent p the Hon. Mrs. Bryan G her younger son, Rosm Married in 1929, she daughter of Lord and La

Left: Mrs. her two deli and Tessa. Mrs. Ernest known in Sc as Mis

En Famille: Mrs. Philip Kindersley and Her Kiddies

A Society Portrait Gallery

The Hon. Doreen Jessel

The younger daughter of Lord and Lady Jessel. She took her B.A. degree at University College, London, last year

Right: One of the most popular young people in Society. She is the only daughter of Sir Austen and Lady Chamberlain

Miss Diane Chamberlain

Below: The Hon. Eileen Brougham, the débutante sister of Lord Brougham and Vaux. The latter married Miss Valerie French last year

Bryan
by Boy

ecent photograph of ryan Guinness with Desmond Walter. , she is the third and Lady Redesdale

Miss Claudia Crichton-Stuart

The younger daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel Lord Ninian Crichton-Stuart and of the Hon. Mrs. A. H. Maule Ramsey. She is seen with her favourite Cairn, which is named "Sally"

The Hon. Eileen Brougham

Mrs. Philip Kindersley with wo delightful little kiddies, Gay Tessa. The daughter of Mr. and Ernest Guinness, she was well n in Society before her marriage as Miss Oonagh Guinness

Dunlop— in a class by itself

2H/1

C.F.H.

The "Britannia & Eve" Northern Foursomes: 10th Year

At Royal Lytham and St. Anne's, won by Miss Brown and Mrs. Barbour

Right: Miss M. Singleton and Mrs. Lewtas, two of the semi-finalists, reading a newspaper account of the previous day's play

Below: Miss D. Marshall and Miss Nan Baird setting out to play in their fourth-round match, which they only just lost

Left above: Mrs. J. R. Glover and Mrs. Rimmer did not let the rain and the strong winds damp their spirit

Right: Mrs. A. A. Smalley and her partner, Miss M. Justice. They reached the semi-final before losing

Above: Miss P. Noble and Miss N. Howarth (Knott End). In the fourth round they lost to the ultimate winners, Miss Brown and Mrs. Barbour

Above: Three more of the competitors. They are Mrs. F. S. Higham, Mrs. Gorton, and Mrs. D. Soulby

Miss C. Wilson seen at the starter's box. The wet and windy weather tested the skill of the players

Left: In the centre are seen the winners, Miss B. M. Brown (Formby) and Mrs. Barbour (Birkdale) with their cups. On either side are the runners-up in the competition, Mr. B. W. Heaton and Miss Sloane, who lost by 1 up

Round the Town

WHO'S WHO
and
WHAT'S WORN in LONDON

By Jane Gordon

IF Mephistopheles really knew his business, he could do a marvellous deal in female souls at this time of year. All he need do would be to appear to any woman on a bright spring day and offer her as many clothes as she liked, at his famous rate of exchange; and just now, when most of us are finding our clothes looking repulsively shabby, the temptation would be almost irresistible, even to the most virtuous. As a matter of fact, most of the dressmakers are doing wonderful business. I am told that before many weeks are out Lanvin may have a branch over here in London; and, if this happens, there seems no reason why Vionnet and all the others should not follow suit.

IT is curious how many Englishwomen who used to dress at the most stolid of English Court dressmakers are now patronising Molyneux, and also how many of the smart young married women who always dressed in Paris are now buying their clothes from English firms. Mrs. Claude Leigh was lunching at the Embassy the other day, in the most charming dark-brown crêpe-de-Chine dress, and a little square shoulder-cape edged with brown fox to match, which came from an English house; and Mrs. Cecil Pim was at a cocktail party the following evening in a smartly tailored black velvet coat and skirt, which also came from an English house. The coat was double-breasted, and fastened with silver beads.

THESE velvet and corduroy coats and skirts are becoming more and more fashionable. I met Mrs. John Bealey, looking extremely smart in a deep-blue corduroy suit, with a large diamond clip in the man-tailored lapel of the jacket. Lady Leigh wears a black velvet coat and skirt, with a close-fitting black velvet hat and white satin blouse. I noticed a smart woman lunching at Quaglino's the other day in a suit of the same kind, only in dark red. Lady Ashley wears a dark nut-brown velvet coat and skirt; and Lady Castlerosse occasionally appears in a black one of the same description.

ONE of America's smartest young married women, Mrs. Malcolm Greenough, is over here with her husband on a visit, and I have seen her out dancing several evenings wearing the most lovely clothes. She looks like the slimmest and most sophisticated of fashion sketches. One charming dress that she wore at the Café de Paris was of black velvet, with rather short puffed sleeves. The bodice, which was close-fitting, was cut with a slight V in front and a deeper V at the back, and the skirt hung straight from the waist to the ankles. She wore black velvet slippers and white kid gloves. It looks as if this fashion for white kid gloves is coming back again. Miss Oriel Ross was there the same evening with another party, and she was wearing a plum-coloured chiffon dress, with a cere satin cross-over jacket of the same colour and short white kid gloves.

Hay Wrightson

Miss Rosemary Freeman-Mitford

Whose engagement has been announced to Lieutenant Richard James Bailey, R.N., is the elder daughter of the late Major the Hon. Clement Freeman-Mitford, D.S.O., and of Lady Helen Brocklehurst. She is a niece of the Earl of Airlie

Mr. Frederic Seebohm, the second son of Mr. Hugh Seebohm, and his bride, Miss Evangeline Hurst, the third daughter of Sir Gerald Hurst, K.C., M.P., and of Lady Hurst. They are seen with the bridesmaids after their wedding in the Chapel of Lincoln's Inn

THERE was a very grand reception the other evening where the men were all covered with Orders and the women adorned with tiaras, and one expected to see rows of white kid gloves, but hardly any of the women were wearing them. By far the smartest woman in the room was Lady Baron, who wore a perfectly tailored black crêpe dress and superb emeralds. Later in the evening we went on to the Embassy, where I was amused to see Miss Joan Barry dancing in a checked chiffon evening dress cut with one of those wide trouser-skirts. The chiffon had red-and-blue duster checks on a white background.

IT is hard to know what kind of clothes to wear if you motor down to dine and dance at these river clubs. Any number of people motor down to Poulsen's Club on Saturday and Sunday evenings. Half of them are in evening dress and half of them in afternoon clothes. The afternoon clothes certainly look more appropriate. One of the smartest women there last Saturday was Mrs. Fielding, who was wearing a spotted crêpe-de-Chine dress. The top part of the bodice had a white background and black spots; the lower half of the bodice and the top of the skirt were red with black spots; and the lower part of the skirt black with white spots. Lady Bridgett Poulett was wearing a velvet evening dress, and a few women were in smart tailor-mades.

THE newest kind of scarf to wear with one's evening dress looks like one of those long woollen mufflers with thick ribs that children knit on great fat wooden knitting needles. Lady Plunkett was dancing the other evening in a charming shell-pink, plainly cut marocain evening dress, and twisted round her arms and across her back she wore an enormously long scarf of this description, in a dull shade of powder blue. It was about eight inches wide, and must have been at least two-and-a-half yards long. It may not have been actually knitted, but it certainly looked as if it was. Lord and Lady Hindlip, who are back from their honeymoon, were out dancing the same evening. Lady Hindlip was wearing a black lace dress, with a narrow ribbon tied across the top of the décolletage at the back.

I DO not know what there is about Mr. Cochran, but any show of his seems to produce a crop of beautiful furs among his audience. The other night at *The Miracle*, Mrs. Pop d'Erlanger was wearing a beautiful three-quarter length Russian ermine coat with a kind of cape effect of the fur over her shoulders, and an enormous collar of black fox which was most effective with the white ermine. She was only one of dozens of young married women wearing either full length or short Russian ermine jackets over their evening dresses.

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

Classicism up to date

MISS ROSE BINGHAM wears with distinction this lovely Vionnet gown from Lady Victor Paget Ltd., which plainly shows the influence of classic and pseudo-classic fashions. The white skirt falls in sculptured folds to the feet, and a twisted coral coloured girdle encircles the waist and supports the backless bodice

WHITE

The Garlands which of such diverse

Yvonde

AN immense bunch of white violets adorns the short coat of white faille which Miss Frances Doble wears with a black satin gown from Peter Russell. The coat has wide sleeves, but the gown contents itself with narrow pleated frills across the shoulders and its only trimming consists of tiny tucks

ON the right is seen Chanel's famous gown of white piqué, which is, justly, one of the outstanding successes of the season. It fits the hips closely and then flares out, while its simple bodice is partly obscured by the wide lao of white piqué flowers which is draped round the shoulders

ON the opposite page is sketched another of Chanel's white evening gowns. This has two hip basques, each stiffened and made to stand away from the figure by a series of large white chiffon roses, which form the only decoration of a particularly becoming and youthful model. The twisted sash accentuates comparatively low waist-line

FLOWERS

adorn our Summer Gowns are made materials as Piqué, Chiffon and China

Sketches by DRIAN

Yevonde

MRS. Vyvyan Drury, who is certainly one of the prettiest of the young married women in London to-day, is wearing a beautiful necklace made of Royal Worcester china. Each flower is beautifully moulded and mounted on silver links and forms an exquisite trimming to a coral coloured gown. From Albert and Johnson

Coiffure and Costume

A Study in Uniformity

by

BARBARA LOCKE

APPARENT simplicity is always the hardest thing to achieve, but a head of softly-curling hair which looks entirely natural can be acquired by anyone who has their hair permanently waved by the Pamoil process of Aldworth and Hornett. This leaves the hair particularly soft and lustrous, and improves both its colour and texture.

FEW of us would dream of deciding upon our seasonal wardrobe without paying a visit to the collections of the great dressmaking houses. By the time we have seen them, and eliminated the more sensational manifestations of the talent of the more *outré* designers, we are thoroughly conversant with what is to be worn. We know the latest position of waist-lines and hem-lines. But up to the present we have been rather apt to overlook the head-lines. As it is obvious that, if *cap-à-pie* smartness is to be obtained, all of these must be in harmonious conformity, why do we not make a point at the beginning of each season of visiting the "collections" of the coiffure designers?

Once upon a time one coiffure, becoming and suitable to one's personality, sufficed for all days of the week, all times of the day, and all months of the year, until the Mode changed completely. But not now. The tendency to-day is to change the coiffure with the costume. As we change our jewels and accessories to modify our costumes, so to-day we change our coiffures. And even more do we change our coiffures to suit each different costume. The smart woman of to-day knows full well that a tailor-made or hunting costume calls

ON the opposite page are three coiffures by Francis of Hanover Square which are unusually becoming. On the extreme left is a simple arrangement of waves which leaves the forehead bare but frames the face in soft curls; in the centre is an attractive arrangement for the very young girl; while on the right is a coiffure for the older woman, with soft curls over either ear and the back hair brushed sharply to one side

ON the right are shown two coiffures by Emile of Conduit Street. The fair-haired girl wears her hair in a roll curl pulled well down over the forehead, and each ear is covered with a similar curl pulled forward on to the cheeks. The darker head of hair is dressed into several series of curls on either side, a delightful arrangement which can only be achieved if the hair is really perfectly permanently waved and well cared for

for a completely different coiffure from that worn with an Empire evening gown. Coiffures, as well as costumes, must conform to occasions.

In Paris, the most advanced fashion thinkers have gone classical. Bandeaux and wreaths, curls and wisps, decorate the heads of the elegant nymphs, just as they did the perfect small heads of the white marble goddesses or the dancing girls on the terra-cotta vases.

In London to-day, although the fashions may be inspired by the past, they are, in essence, modern. Emile, one of our foremost London coiffure-designers, is showing among the "models" in his collection a coiffure especially designed for the blonde and youthful. Here the rather long, softly-waved hair has several rows of curled ends. Equally becoming to blonde or brunette is a "mingle," with separate little curls—solo curls they are called—over the temples. Another shows a wonderful mass of softly-waved curls at the back, which effect is obtained by Point Winding permanent waving. This designer believes that bizarre hairdressing should only be worn with fancy dress.

This season's coiffures demand that practically all heads be waved or curled. The one exception seems to be the so-called wind-swept or wind-blown shingle, which appears to have been swept by a very kindly and well-disciplined wind into shapely neatness. Although this appears to require straight hair, a loose permanent wave is necessary if it is to retain its contour, and only a specialist can achieve the successful curling and cutting of hair in this most attractive manner.

Great strides have been made in permanent waving, and, fortunately, at the same time, it costs less. One of the most inexpensive methods, that recently perfected by Aldworth and Hornett, takes only a few minutes, and there is no discomfort from heat. Time and money are saved by the hair being waved in wider sections. This new and secret process results in the hair being left unusually soft.

Tinting has not lagged behind in the matter of progress. And by tinting we do not mean dyeing: we mean that subtle tinting which merely heightens the natural colour of the hair, or tones down any natural colour so vivid as to seem unnatural. The new methods not only improve the colour, but aim to improve the growth of the hair.

The artist whose alchemy deals with this process stresses the necessity of very frequent washing of the hair, tinted or untinted, and the importance of allowing free access of the air to the scalp. As he put it, "it must breathe."

The outside of the head of the modern woman must be rigorously disciplined—however undisciplined its interior. Grooming is as necessary to its health as its arrangement is to its beauty of contour. We control our hair to-day: the rebellious curl, the wayward lock, are no longer considered charming, but merely untidy.

BARBARA LOCKE.

NOTHING is smarter at the moment than the brushed forward movement of the hair, nor is anything more difficult to achieve. One particular coiffeur does this type of coiffure to perfection, and can permanently curl the hair and so cut and arrange it that it looks absolutely careless and as natural as it is really ingenious

OUR "ENGAGEMENT" LIST

Left: Miss Thelma Crisp, the youngest daughter of the late Capt. F. S. Crisp and of Mrs. Crisp, of West Norwood. Her engagement has been announced to Mr. Frederick Graham Maw, the second son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Maw, of Middlesbrough

Miss Thelma Crisp

Miss Jean Simpson-Baikie

Whose mariage to Mr. M. Kennerley will take place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on April 28. She is the daughter of the late Brigadier-General Sir Hugh Simpson-Baikie, and of Lady Simpson-Baikie

Miss Lucy Evelyn Alston

Whose marriage to Mr. Charles Kenneth Benda will take place on June 2. She is the daughter of the late Sir Beilby F. Alston, G.B.E., K.C.M.G., C.B., and of Lady Alston

An April Bride

Miss Dawn Woods

The eldest daughter of Sir Raymond and Lady Woods. She is engaged to Mr. Richard Vassar-Smith, the only son of the late Major C. M. Vassar-Smith and of Mrs. Vassar-Smith, of Worthing

Miss Helen Donaldson-Hudson

Who is to marry Mr. J. O. Kerrison, is the younger daughter of Lieut.-Colonel R. C. Donaldson-Hudson.

Left: Miss Ray Davies. Her wedding to Mr. Edward Hodgson, Welsh Guards, took place at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks, last Saturday

MEMSAHIB GOES EAST

By
F. E. BAILY

Illustrated by
LEO BATES

THE s.s. "Mumtaz Mahal" was rolling about in the Bay. The Plain Citizen on a voyage for his health, sat outside the smoking-room in a kind of verandah, and a line of one of Sir Harry Lauder's songs came into his head, "So we rolled about thegither in the bonnie blooming heather, with the bonny lassies up in Tobermory." The legendary lassies reminded him of Cecily. Should he descend to B deck and talk to Cecily while she looked after her child, or stay and watch the colonels and majors read?

The Plain Citizen knew by this time that colonels and majors at sea always read, or play deck-tennis, or drink. They were unmistakable with their moustaches and regimental ties. They read in the morning, played deck-tennis in the afternoon, and drank in the evening, clustered together in little clumps, talking privately in low tones. Sometimes they smiled, but not often. The Plain Citizen felt that they envied slightly the richer colonels and majors who would go overland and join the ship at Marseilles.

There remained only B deck and Cecily, because Elspeth had a vile habit of walking round and round A deck for so many miles every morning to counteract the pleasures of the table. But the "Mumtaz Mahal's" passenger list included forty-one children under the age of four, and B deck contained them all, taking the air with their mothers or nurses. Life on B deck was not worth a moment's purchase; at every second one dodged a pram, only to be run over by a push-cart propelled by a stony-eyed mother. On the previous night the deck steward, pointing to the mass of parked vehicles on B deck, had said to the Plain Citizen plaintively, "I've got a garage now, sir."

Once he had asked Cecily why mothers pushed children round and round B deck, since the sea looked much the same from one spot as from another, and Cecily replied bitterly, "My dear man, it Keeps Them Quiet!" She had already developed by then the mild frenzy of the nurseless mother at sea. When it seemed likely to become mania the Plain Citizen would take her away and buy her a drink and let her babble on about Alipore and Ballygunge and the Reeveses of Calcutta and things like that, till another nurseless mother arrived breathless, dragging a child in her wake, to announce, "Cecily, darling, I've just stopped Peter from climbing down a ventilator. I think you'd better come."

Then Cecily would get up and say to the Plain Citizen, "Sorry to leave you, George, but I have to make my bunder-bust," and he would reply that it was a rotten shauri and life was a shenzi business for a woman, anyway. He had developed the habit of opposing a little Swahili to the prevalent Hindustani, merely in self-defence.

Casting a last glance at a reading colonel, George descended to B deck in search of Cecily.

SHE was leaning against the taffrail in her usual morning mood of don't-care, because Cecily never cared in the mornings. She wore a coat over her oldest clothes, and no hat, and her dark silky hair blew about in the wind as it would, and she had taken no pains over her make-up. She relied solely on the brightest eyes in the world, a pretty, greedy little face, and a discontented mouth that ceased to be discontented when she smiled. The mouth stared from her face in brightest vermilion. Cecily, in the mornings, reached the lipstick stage, and then faded away, but at night her make-up was marvellous.

Up and down B deck behind her, Peter, aged three, drew on a string a peculiarly ghastly toy consisting of a duck on wheels, cut out of wood in silhouette, with a tin dish in front of its beak. By a simple eccentric mechanism the duck dashed its beak into the dish with a wild clanging sound, seeking imaginary grain, at every revolution of the wheels. Peter accompanied this performance with ecstatic shrieks of "Dok! Dok!"

"Darling," implored George, "come and have a drink."

"My dear George, I've got to look after Peter."

"The child seems fine. Mrs. Agg-Simpson would look after Peter."

"I've got a splitting head. Could I have some brandy? Just a moment."

George waited while the inter-female conversation ensued. Five minutes later Cecily was sitting in the verandah outside the smoking-room, with colonels reading all round her. George said:

"Why don't you get someone from the second class to look after Peter? How can you have any sort of a time? I mean, how can you?"

"What Harold left me won't run to it," Cecily answered in a voice that defined Harold as the purest mud, Harold being Mr. Cecily. She stared resignedly at the horizon, and George, weighing the consequences, decided, from purely psychological motives, to come across.

"I've had a bit of luck lately. Let's pretend it's your birthday. It needn't mean a thing, but I hate to think of you having the children's luncheon and the children's tea——"

After all, Cecily was too attractive to eat mince.

"The thing I notice about you," Cecily answered in the most detached manner, "is that you're so kind. Women do appreciate kindness. As a matter of fact, I'm worried to death. May I tell you about it after dinner? You know, I'm on duty till dinner-time."

George, who was intelligent, thought swiftly.

"Meet me after dinner on the settee, half-left of the steward who dishes out coffee in the saloon. We can have a liqueur and talk till the decks are fairly clear, and then walk round and round, and you can say what you like. Of course, I'd be charmed——"

Mrs. Agg-Simpson arrived breathless with Clodagh, aged two and a half, in tow.

"Sorry, Cecily, but Peter's tried twice to climb over the rail. I think you'd better come——"

"Sorry to leave you, George, but I must make my bunder-bust——"

II.

GEORGE got through the day somehow. At luncheon he chose dhal curry, a weak vegetarian fluid looking like anæmic gooseberry fool, far worse than the so-called curries he had consumed at home, but one must preserve the atmosphere. Cecily arrived in the smoking-room for a cocktail before dinner, perfectly made-up, and drank two pink gins. At dinner they sat side by side, and alternately George envied and pitied Harold. "It must," George thought, "have been marvellous before satiety set in on her part; but then think of her temptations, lucky girl."

After dinner she had a liqueur in the saloon, and after that two more in the smoking-room. Ten p.m. found them walking round and round A deck.

Cecily's hair looked darker and silkier than ever in the light of the overhead electric lamps. She clutched a fur coat about her slight form and smoked cigarettes at the rate of knots. She chattered of everything in the world until George, who was familiar with the United States, inquired politely, "Just when are you going to shoot the works, sister?"

Cecily's dark eyebrows approached one another across her

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[All the characters and incidents in this story are entirely fictitious.]

white forehead and she looked rather small and stern.

"Virginia Pinckard told me a man told her my husband 's got to know about me and a friend of mine. I can't think what the attitude will be when Harold meets me at Bombay. It 's enough to worry one to death."

"Who is Virginia Pinckard?" George asked, for he liked to get things straight; and Cecily answered crossly, "You know perfectly well; she stayed three months with me at Meerut. I introduced you to her the other day."

George recalled vaguely a young woman who looked more like a golliwog than any girl has any right to do, and nodded.

"And is there anything—er—actionable for Harold to get to know about you and the boy friend?" he asked; and Cecily answered with her most limpid smile, "Why, of course not."

"Then what is there to worry about? Obviously you do nothing, and the man who told Virginia Whatisit merely risks a suit for slander or libel or something."

"You don't understand, George. That man 's in the same regiment as Colonel Slattersley, that short, red-haired man who was talking to me this morning, and the story 's all over the ship, and it 'll be all over India directly we land at Bombay, and the Governor's awful wife will glower at me at her dreadful parties. I think I 'm going mad."

"But if you 've done nothing you shouldn't of——" George persisted, and Cecily answered patiently, "Oh, George, don't be a fool! I 'm awfully glad I 've got it off my chest, though. You were sweet to listen, but then you 're so kind. I do hope I haven't bored you dreadfully. You won't breathe a word to a soul, will you?"

"Of course not. But do you love the boy friend very much?" George asked in as wan a voice as he could manage.

"I adore him. He 's simply wonderful."

Deck-planking being hard to the feet, especially in patent leather shoes, George felt there could be no good purpose in continuing a midnight promenade with someone who adored someone else. Nor would it appear seemly to kiss good-night a young person who thought another man simply wonderful, even if the other man happened to be at Rawal Pindi or somewhere. So when they reached the companion ladder leading to B deck, where he lived, George halted and said, "Well, darling, it 's time you went to your beddy-byes. Good-night." And then, with a beautiful, relinquishing, affectionate gesture, he laid a hand for one moment on those silky dark curls.

III.

LITTLE as he loved soldiers, having been for some years a soldier himself, George realised he had something vaguely in common with Captain Leslie Hatchard, the 69th Bundukis, who sat at the same table with Cecily and himself. The essential military devil never enters into soldiers, even regular soldiers, until they become field officers, and a captain, of course, is not a field officer. George formed the habit of drinking with Captain Hatchard, and discussing gurus, fakirs, and other holy men with him. The captain's opinion, coinciding with George's, put their alleged potentialities down to hop—that is to say, drugs. So well did George get on with the captain that he took George down to his cabin on one occasion and exhibited photographs of things he had killed: mahseer, and tigers, and ovis poli; and also a horse on which he had won the Kadir Cup, which is given for sticking pigs when mounted; and also of a few girls, but these were just thrown about the cabin anyhow.

In some inexplicable manner it came about that after dinner Cecily and George and Captain Hatchard formed the habit of sitting on a settee in the saloon drinking liqueurs. Cecily liked it, because two men gave one a more magnificent cachet than one. George, being kind, merely paid for drinks in his turn, while Cecily and Captain Hatchard discussed people they knew at Madras, and Bombay, and Lucknow, and Barrackpore. They proved a liberal education for George, whose culture stopped at Africa, Europe, and the North American continent.

In the Canal they suffered under a following wind which blew at the exact speed of the "Mumtaz Mahal," but the Indian Ocean sat and smiled, and things cheered up considerably. And if George were inclined to look upon Cecily as the congenital vamp, her technical conversation at table with other mothers recalled him to his senses.

"I don't think anything can touch a Madrassi ayah, do you, Clare?" (Clare was Mrs. Agg-Simpson.)

"Except that they hate going anywhere else. Clodagh was brought up for two-and-a-half years practically on tomatoes."

"Peter 's so individual. He loved his last ayah passionately, but he really can't bear me out of his sight."

"But then, Cecily, you 're so devoted. God help the girl Peter marries!"

Thus they came by starlit nights and moonlit nights

"'But do you love the boy very much?' George asked in as wan a voice as he could manage.
'I adore him. He's simply wonderful'"

to the penultimate night and a masquerade or fancy-dress dance.

Cecily appeared as Cleopatra, and, although he had no idea Cleopatra wore so little, George could not help realising that if it suited her as well as it suited Cecily Julius Cæsar and Mark Antony might very well claim the indulgence of the court. At eleven p.m. George found himself, as of old, sitting on a settee in the lounge, with Cecily between himself and Captain Hatchard. After a while Cecily said she thought she would go to bed, because she had a headache, and George carried Captain Hatchard off to the smoking-room for a whisky and soda. They talked earnestly for a quarter of an hour about serious things like horse-racing and the high cost of whisky, and then Captain Hatchard excused himself, because Bombay loomed ahead and he had God knew how many more letters he simply must write.

George remained in the smoking-room because, according to a quaint old-fashioned custom, the "Mumtaz Mahal's" bar closed at eleven-thirty, and all the romance abroad made him feel old and in need of stimulant. However, half an hour later he left the smoking-room by the starboard door, descended into a corridor on B deck, and began his journey forrard. He had not taken many paces before a sound halted him in his tracks.

From a cabin to his right he heard Cecily's voice proclaim, in the challenging accents of the slightly pickled:

"My dear, I don't give a damn! Slosh Menzies told Virginia Pinckard that Harold knew all about Fluffles and me, and Slosh passed it on to Colonel Slattersley, and his regiment 's in Fluffles' brigade. It 's all over the ship, and it 'll be all over India in forty-eight hours, and I 'm meeting Harold at Bombay."

George sighed faintly, for he knew the exact location of Captain Hatchard's cabin, having inspected photographs of dead animals there; and he knew also that Cecily abode by rights on C deck. So George continued on his way forrard, musing on the frailty of all earthly ties.

IV.

In the morning, as George sat in a kind of verandah outside the smoking-room, while colonels and majors read at him from every point of the compass, and a sailor on the bridge hit a bell a certain number of times to indicate the hour of eleven a.m., Cecily crept round the corner of the deck-house. Her face was pale and the rouge stared from it like paint on the face of a Dutch doll. Hospitably George invited her to sit down, and brought her a brandy and soda, which she sipped like a cat licking cream.

"Is the headache better?" he asked, with his usual kindness.

"No, it 's awful. I didn't sleep a wink, and Peter woke up at six and behaved like the limit. You'd know what I mean if you had to bath Peter."

"Well, Cecily, darling, we get into Bombay to-morrow, and Harold will meet you, and you 'll go home to Benares or Cawnpore or wherever you live, and the ayah and the chokidar and the khitmutgar, and the Hittite and the Hivite and the Amorite and the Gergashite and the Jebusite, will wait on you hand and foot again."

"I don't even know if Harold will meet me. You remember what I told you." She glanced darkly across at Colonel Slattersley, who read feverishly in the vicinity.

"Don't," George implored, "let 's be unjust to Harold before we really know he isn't going to meet you. Harold is big and brave and strong and commands a company, and when the subadar-major sees him he cries, 'Aie! Aie! One day he will command the Regiment, like the colonel sahib his father before him. Aie! Aie! I am old in the service of the Sirkar, and I know.' Personally, I 've put my shirt on Harold."

He met her next day, as George foretold, directly the ship tied up. Cecily wore a perfectly new frock of the faintest pink, and looked exactly like a bad man's dream of heaven. Harold wore some of those not quite Savile Row clothes the best tailors in India make, and on his head what George imagined to be a Bombay bowler. Harold was tall and dark and muscular, and one could imagine him receiving the inter-regimental polo cup from the hands of some gracious lady after many a stern chukker.

"There 's them that 's 'ot and 'aughty,
There 's them that 's cold and 'ard,
But then comes a night when the best gets tight
And then turns out the Guard,"

George murmured to himself. "Harold inclines to be 'ot and 'aughty. He may as well get tight and turn out the

(Concluded on page iv)

Attack at Close Quarters

"Sensation in Court!"

Miss K. E. Stammers' Lawn-Tennis Triumph

Speed of Drive and Foot

Above, left and right: Action pictures of Miss K. E. Stammers, the eighteen-year-old tennis player who beat four "ranked" opponents in winning the singles at the Surrey Hard Court Championships at Roehampton. A left-handed player with a hard service, she relies on a devastating drive for many of her aces. Centre: Miss Stammers at golf, which she plays right-handed

Companions at Rest

Above: Miss Stammers with her friend, Rex, a dog which however, she does not own. On the right: The smile of victory, having beaten in succession Mrs. Michell, Miss Ridley, Miss Heeley, and Miss Round, a quartette of proved quality

The Promise of Youth

POSED BY MISS NORA SWINBURNE PHOTOGRAPH BY SHAW WILDMAN

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A New Bystander Feature

The World of the Film

British Pictures Make Good. A Talkie "Tarzan." Another "Sunshine Susie." Noel Coward's Original Film Story.

By Wilfred James

Leonora Corbett

A new-comer to the talkies, who will be seen shortly in a new talkie, "Love on Wheels," a film of the "Sunshine Susie" variety, directed by Victor Saville

Renée Gadd

The British film star who plays lead in "Whiteface," the latest Edgar Wallace "thriller" to be filmed by the Gainsborough-British Lion Company

Such is the increasing popularity of the British talkie with British audiences that a well-known American director predicted to me the other day that in the not far-distant future it will be as hard for an American company to sell one of their pictures in this market as it is at present for us to sell our film fare in the United States.

Certainly the British public is beginning to appreciate that good pictures can be made, and are being made, here. Up to about a year ago, the advertisement of a home-made film outside a cinema theatre had the effect of keeping far more people out than it brought in. Now, by virtue of such offerings as *The Outsider, Sunshine Susie, The Calendar, Murder, Hindle Wakes, Michael and Mary, Up for the Cup,* the Tom Walls and Ralph Lynn pictures, and many others of outstanding entertainment value, they are paying good money to see British films in very large and increasing numbers—and each week brings fresh converts to the British film.

But for every really good film that is turned out under the label of "British," there are two or three made as "Quota" films for American companies to enable them to comply with the regulations, which are by no means up to the high standard set by our more earnest producers. Nobody can blame the American companies. All they are obliged to do is to show a certain proportion of British film to every thousand foot of their own. It doesn't much matter what the film is, and it doesn't matter at all what it costs. So, it not being in their interests to boost good British films, why should they care how little they spend on them, or how bad they are?

Renate Müller

The clever young German actress who plays lead in "Sunshine Susie." This bright and cleverly produced musical play, which includes Owen Nares and Jack Hulbert in the cast, is one of the most successful talkies produced for some time.

Feminine

Claudette Colbert and Lilyan Tashman, "The Wiser Sex," the sophisticated at the Plaza last Friday, April 15. includes Melvyn Douglas, William

The only people one can reasonably blame are those who, by making bad or indifferent British films, are thereby betraying the whole cause of our own film industry.

Do you remember the old *Tarzan* films in the silent days, and the enormous success that the series scored? Well, pictures have improved a good deal since then, and now *Tarzan* comes to us as a talkie. The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company have made it, and I have seen it. Directed by Van Dyne—who made *Trader Horn*—it is immense. In fact, I would say that for sheer breath-taking entertainment it has got anything I have ever seen skinned a mile. When this one comes on at the Empire, which it must do soon, you should on no account miss it.

Another picture of the *Sunshine Susie* brand is being made at the present time by Victor Saville, who directed the former effort. It will again feature the versatile Mr. Hulbert, aided and abetted by the inimitable Gordon Harker, Edmund Gwenn, and an extremely attractive and talented new-comer to pictures in the person of Miss Leonora Corbett. Watch Miss Corbett. The picture will be called *Love on Wheels*, its author being the man who wrote *Sunshine Susie*, and the lyrics of many of the songs being by Douglas Furber, Jack Buchanan's well-known partner in crime.

Confidences

two of the stars in one of the scenes of new Paramount talkie which opened The rest of this entertaining film Boyd and Franchot Tone

The Key to the Trouble

Donnie Wainwright (David Manners), having been presented by a siren-like young lady with the key of her flat, decides to leave the shy Venice Muir (Constance Bennett), with whom he was about to elope. A scene from the Radio picture, "Reputation." It is at present showing at the Regal and the London Pavilion

MENTION of Miss Corbett reminds me that we seem at last to be building up a band of film stars of our own who, if they don't do so at the moment, will eventually mean a very great deal at the box-office. Of the women, Joan Barry (we hope not to be lost to Hollywood, whence she has during the past week received a more than attractive offer), Heather Angel, Betty Stockfield, Dorothy Bouchier, Elizabeth Allan, Benita Hume, Anna Neagle, Kay Hammond, and others have all proved that they have it there both in ability and in photographic quality; while others such as Herbert Marshall and Edna Best and brilliant Gertrude Lawrence, whose appearances in home-made pictures are more or less spasmodic, are ready-made stars before they start.

Of the men, Ralph Lynn, Tom Walls, Jack Hulbert, Gordon Harker, Herbert Marshall, Jack Buchanan are all big box-office attractions already; but, in the absence in America of Mr. Marshall, we do seem to be sadly in need of a really first-class leading man in the accepted sense of the word, and where our younger hereos are to come from I really cannot see at the moment.

THE offers that have been made to Noel Coward to write original film stories for Hollywood are both numerous and colossal in their proportions. But Noel has turned a deaf ear to them all. He doesn't want to go to Hollywood, and he is not particularly interested in pictures—at any rate, not sufficiently interested in them from the artistic point of view—to make him fall for the idea. Incidentally, not being very hard up, he is in the blessed position of being able to turn his back on the most staggering and bewildering sums of money.

It seems, in fact, safe to say that an original screen story from the pen of the most versatile and originally-minded person in the entertainment world today would be the most valuable document in the motion-picture industry at the present time. And there is such a story of his in existence!

IT dates back some five years—to the days of silence on the screen. The Gainsborough Company, having tried to make money out of Noel Coward films such as *Easy Virtue*, *The Vortex*, and *The Queen Was in the Parlour*, decided that any play of his, when once milked of its dialogue and subjected to the Censor's tender mercy, became more or less ineffective. What was left, in fact, failed to entertain. However, they had been the first to bring Noel Coward to the screen, and so they approached him and said: "We find that your plays don't make ideal screen material, but we *know* that you could write an original screen story, if you would only devote the time to it, which would set the Thames on fire. Will you go away, forget that you are Noel Coward, forget that there is such a thing as Sophistication, and, bearing in mind that the thing which pictures scream for is Romance, write an original story for Ivor Novello?"

TERMS were agreed upon, and into the country went young Mr. Coward to try to work something out for Mr. Novello. Three weeks later he delivered the story to Gainsborough Pictures—a story called *Concerto*. I read it myself at the time, and thought it one of the most beautiful stories I had ever encountered. And so did the Gainsborough people. It had colour, romance, drama, and, running through it all, a musical theme by which his man and woman were brought together on five separate occasions by the playing of a simple little tune. It was designed, in fact, to make use of music as an aid to screen drama (the musical *motif* being the motive of the story), which, even in the days of silent pictures, would have been effective. *Concerto*, I am convinced, is the ideal picture story. And it happens to be an original film story from the most sought-after man in motion-pictures. It was never made because, at the time, after a good deal of deliberation, the Gainsborough Company came to the conclusion that it was not commercial. Probably they were right—and so the story passed back into the hands of Coward, who doubtless still has it and in all probability has forgotten its very existence. But what I believe to be a masterpiece should not remain idle. I offer the suggestion, free, gratis, and for nothing, to film producers all and sundry that they get after this story, because it is a Heaven-sent romantic talkie.

W. J.

Celebrities of Sport at the British Olympic Association'

Lord Burghley, the famous hurdler

Sir Harold Bowden, the Chairman, at the dinner

Mr. Harry Preston, who was, inter alia, a clever boxer

Mr. H. M. Abrahams, the the lawn-tennis

Sport with

A Fair, Frank and

THOUGH Rugby football is my own choice in winter games, I cannot help looking forward with considerable interest to the meeting of Newcastle and the Arsenal in the Soccer Cup final, which will be played next Saturday at Wembley.

I have an idea that the result will be a draw—the irresistible force against the immovable object—unless the Arsenal can snatch a quick goal in the first few minutes. Newcastle know their stuff, however, and they will be watching the swift Arsenal attack mighty carefully. Incidentally, I hope the game will not become too rough, for one or two of the Newcastle lads are apt to get excited when they are hard pressed.

AS I write, it seems certain that Alec James will be fit, and upon him the Arsenal base their hopes. It is a delight to watch James in action, and he always seems to be at his best on the big occasion. He is a really great player; his trapping of the ball and his subsequent control of it are masterly, and suggest that he has exceptionally strong hips and ankles. What is more, he thinks a move or two ahead of his opponents, and therein lies the secret of his greatness.

I AM often asked how much these professional footballers earn. Well, James, I suppose, makes about £1500 a year, and he is worth every penny of it as an entertainer. As a matter of fact, he is worth about £100 a week to the Arsenal, who last year declared a clear profit of £19,000.

JAMES does not make £1500 a year out of his playing abilities, for the maximum salary of any professional footballer is £386 a year, which seems to me very poor pay. James supplements his income by journalism, and by his work in the sports' department of a big London store, but very few of his fellow players are as fortunate as he is, and for most of them a four-figure income is very nearly beyond their dreams of avarice.

Our Indian Visitors

Two members of the All-India cricket team who will visit England this summer. On the left is Lieut. J. G. Navle, the wicket-keeper, who is considered by Hobbs to be the equal of Duckworth; and, on the right, is Nazir Ali, a brilliant all-rounder, the only Indian to have bowled Bradman

IT is hardly surprising, therefore, that Gallacher and Law, of Chelsea, should have been tempted by the alleged offer of £20 a week from Nimes, a club in the South of France. This offer has worried the Football Association considerably, for professional football has only been legalised during the last few months in France, and already it seems probable that a determined effort will be made to attract some of the best English players from their present clubs with tempting offers.

IT is all very well to say that the maximum salary of a player in France is, approximately, £20 a month, and that the Football Association will deal drastically with English players who go abroad, but there are plenty of ways of supplementing a player's salary, and if English players are generously treated in France they can afford to ignore the threats of the Football Association.

THERE are, in fact, uneasy days in the professional football world. At the beginning of May contracts with the players are renewed or terminated by the clubs, and I am afraid that many men will soon be out of work. Clubs are economising and cutting down their wage-bills, and I hear, for example, that one club alone are reducing the number of their professionals from forty to twenty-five.

WE see the same sort of thing in county cricket, and it is sad to think that Surrey have decided to dispense with the services of Andy Ducat and Alan Peach, two of the most popular and hard-working Surrey players. I suppose it had to be, for Surrey lost over £3000 last summer, and no club can stand that sort of hammering. At least, it is pleasant to note that the Surrey Committee rather belatedly put an end to all the gossip about Percy Fender by acknowledging his services very handsomely in their report, and making him a presentation. Although Jardine has taken over the Surrey captaincy, it is certain that Fender will play for the county, much to the delight of the Oval crowd.

I NOTE, by the way, that Guy Earle, of Somerset, has been trouncing the United Services' bowling at Cairo. He took 26 runs in one over, and that is useful going. He uses a fairly heavy bat, though the modern tendency is towards

Annual Dinner at the Connaught Rooms

notable athlete, and Mrs. L. A. Godfree, champion

Air-Marshal Sir Geoffrey Salmond and Lord Aberdare, the famous cricketer and rackets player

the Lid Off

Free Commentary

By "Mark Over"

the light bat, as I discovered the other day in looking over the stock of a leading manufacturer. And is there anything more fascinating than buying a new bat—looking at the grain, feeling how it comes up, trying those wristy shots through the covers which somehow are not so easy out in the middle?

TALKING of Egypt, I don't much like the idea of this proposed fight between Reggie Meen and the Egyptian heavyweight champion, which is to take place, I believe, in Alexandria. I have nothing against Meen, except that my opinion of him as a boxer is not very high, and I suppose he is entitled to pick up such money as comes his way. It will, however, be serious if he is beaten. Imagine the capital which the Egyptian press would make out of the defeat of the British champion by a fellah, and the result of films of the fight being shown throughout the East! It is a disturbing thought, and I wish that something could be done to have the match cancelled.

Right: The cricket season is nearly here, and hard practice is now the order of the day. Those two Yorkshire stalwarts, Holmes and Leyland, discussing prospects with Major Chicester-Constable

H. F. David

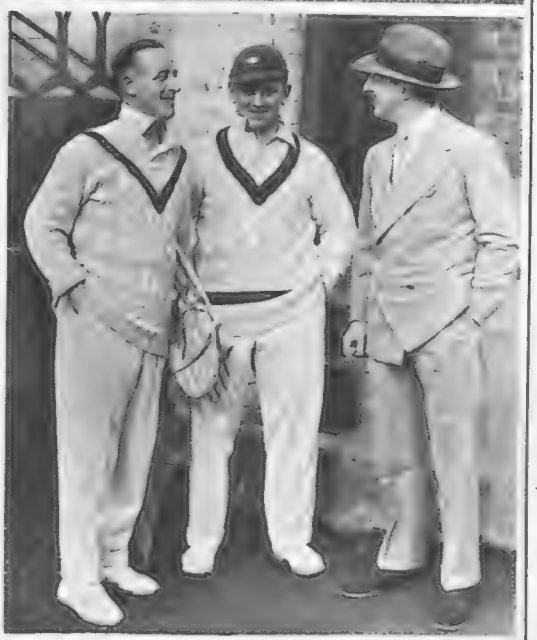
Who beat J. S. Olliff by 5-7, 6-2, 6-4, 7-5, in the recent international lawn-tennis trials at Queen's Club

POSSIBLY you take the view of Mr. Justice McCardie who said, in a speech at the British Olympic Association dinner, that sport is one of the golden threads which unite one nation to another. I 'm not so certain about it myself; the thread is easily snapped, and the question of international sport bristles with difficulties.

On the whole, I think the Olympic Games themselves do far more good than harm. We have all heard of unpleasant incidents, but men who have taken part in the Games tell me that the spirit of comradeship engendered among the competing nations immeasurably outweighs the irritation caused by isolated squabbles.

TO end on a happier note, the river wiseacres say that the coming trout season promises middling well. In Hampshire the chalk-streams are low, and water will be short, but the fish are in good condition and a wet April has made the prospects reasonably bright. In the North and Midlands, too, the rivers are well-stocked and in sound order.

Below: Mr. A. B. Sellers, who will captain Yorkshire at cricket this season, when Mr. F. E. Greenwood cannot play. He is seen below with his fiancée, Miss Bessie Walker



At Gullane

Miss Jean McCulloch and Mr. W. W. Mackenzie, the ex-Scottish champion, setting out to play in the Ladies v. Men Golf Match. Miss McCulloch is the Scottish Lady Champion

F. G. L. Fairlie on GOLF

The Walker Cup

THE first results of the deliberations of the Selection Committee appointed by St. Andrews for the Walker Cup have now been made public. There have been issued invitations to eight players out of the ten who will finally be chosen.

I have before now hinted on this page that a selection committee has been in existence. In passing, I think I am stating the opinion of the majority of golfers in mentioning that St. Andrews seems to have been unnecessarily mysterious with regard to the Walker Cup selection. I am not suggesting that the names of players should have been made known before, but I do definitely assert that a greater confidence might have been inspired in the golfing public, which, after all, is of sufficient dimensions to be considered, if the names of those who were going to select our team had been made public when they were appointed.

Actually the selectors were W. Norman Boase (chairman), T. A. Torrance, Bernard Darwin, J. L. C. Jenkins, and Robert Harris. I have no fault whatsoever to find with this sub-committee, and I am quite sure that my readers will agree with me when I say that they are most excellent choices. But I think we should all have been happier had we known, in the first place, those responsible for the somewhat important matter of deciding who was to play. If for no other reason, the initial publication of the names would have saved published criticisms of the methods of St. Andrews, such as the last paragraph of my article in the issue of THE BYSTANDER of March 30th. Had I known that Bernard Darwin was a selector, I would not have suggested that there was nobody at Deal.

Cricketers at Golf

Mr. A. P. F. Chapman (left), the Kent and England cricketer, walking round with Mrs. P. Gold and her partner, the Hon. F. S. G. Calthorpe, during the third annual Inter-club Scratch Mixed Foursomes at Camberley Heath. Mr. Calthorpe is the well-known Warwickshire county cricketer

The "Final" Choice

Mr. W. P. Harper, who will referee the Football Association Cup Final at Wembley between Newcastle United and the Arsenal. He finds golf keeps him in trim, for his work is of a strenuous nature

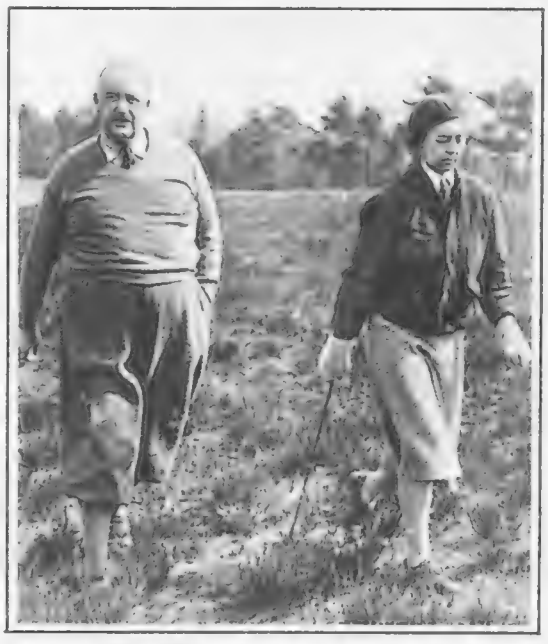
BEFORE I concern myself with the men individually, I think I should say that, although only eight will play in the team, and invitations have been issued to eight players, this does not necessarily mean that these are the eight who will represent us in America. Ten players will finally cross the Atlantic on our behalf, and from these ten the team will be chosen by the captain, perhaps as late as the day of the match itself. That is a matter which depends entirely on his decision. In these circumstances, any of the two others, yet to be selected, may well be members of the team, and it must not be assumed that the eight names already published—should they all be able to accept their invitations—will be the team, with the two others still to be chosen as reserves. This is a point for those of you who criticise the selection of the eight, for whereas certain people may want their favourite to play instead of one or other of the chosen, they must remember that there is still a chance of that favourite being selected.

NOW for the eight themselves. They are: T. A. Torrance, J. T. Bookless, E. McRuvie, W. Stout, R. W. Hartley, W. L. Hartley, J. Burke, and L. G. Crawley. This is not the order in which they were published, which was that pleasantly vague thing, an alphabetical order; but is in the precedence in which I would have selected them had I had to choose these eight. As it happens, the first six are the names of six who choose themselves, and would have been in any eight selected by me. The other two are more open to criticism. Let us take Crawley first, because he is the English amateur champion.

CRAWLEY is undoubtedly a fighter of the dour type, and a very much improved golfer. He won the close championship of England last year in a manner which left little doubt as to his fighting qualities, and he confirmed this impression when, in the early part of this year, he won the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society's tournament at Rye. I entirely agree that on these performances it is almost impossible to leave him out of any team, but, personally, I think I would have left him unselected for the moment in order to see what sort of a show he puts up in the first-class competitions of this year.

I know nothing of John Burke, excepting that everybody tells me he is a magnificent golfer, and he has to his credit the close championship on four occasions, and the open twice of his own country. But, with all due respect to Ireland, I am not convinced that six Irish championships is sufficient qualification for our Walker Cup side. Personally, I should have liked to have seen C. V. L. Hooman given another chance, and J. H. Thompson very carefully considered.

One final word. The exclusion of Eric Martin Smith, holder of the British amateur championship, may cause surprise in certain circles. Let me remind you that the full team is not yet selected, and let me suggest to you that Eric Martin Smith himself would probably be the first to admit that his claim—bar by courtesy—is not strong enough. Should he again do very well in this year's championship, then he also will become an automatic choice.



Mixed Foursomes at Camberley

Major C. O. Hezlet and Miss R. Rabbidge, who represented Royal Mid-Surrey in the Camberley Heath Inter-Club Mixed Foursomes Tournament, which was won by St. George's Hill (R. V. K. Finlay and Mrs. A. C. Johnston) after an in-and-out match with Hayling (I. R. Patey and Mrs. Clarke), whom they defeated in four and three in the thirty-six hole final

APRIL, 1932

16th to 30th inclusive.

16th **Athletics.** London to Brighton relay race.
Football. F.A. Amateur Cup Final.
Scottish Cup Final (Glasgow).
Racing. Derby and Bogside (Irvine) Meetings.
Beaufort Hunt, Oswestry and Llanymynech Steeplechases.

17th SUMMER TIME BEGINS.

18th **Golf.** Army Champ. (Hoylake) begins.
Racing. Epsom Spring Meeting. Edinburgh Meeting.
Colwall Park and Quorn Hunt Steeplechases.

19th **Racing.** Epsom Spring Meeting, Edinburgh Meeting. Kildare and National Hunt (Punchestown) Stplchs.

20th **Racing.** Epsom Spring Meeting, Kildare and National Hunt (Punchestown) Steeplechases.

21st **Golf.** "Eve" Foursomes, St. George's Hill.
Racing. Sandown Park and Pontefract Meetings.
Ludlow Steeplechases.

22nd **Racing.** Sandown Park, Stockton and Leopardstown Meetings. Ludlow Stplchs.

23rd ST. GEORGE'S DAY.
Football. Final Tie F.A. Cup (Wembley).

23rd cont. **Tennis.** Amateur Champ. (Queen's Club).
Racing. Stockton and Phœnix Park Meetings.
Sandown Park and Southwell Steeplechases.
Motoring. Junior Car Club Members' Day, Brooklands.

25th **Tennis.** Hard Court Championship of Gt. Britain, Bournemouth.
Racing. Fontwell and Shirley Steeplechases.

26th **Shows.** Ayrshire Agric. Association.
Racing. Newmarket Meeting. Fontwell Stplchs.

27th **Racing.** 2,000 Guineas, Newmarket. Mallow Meeting, Worcester and Hexham Steeplechases.

28th **Racing.** Newmarket Meeting. Worcester and Hexham Steeplechases.

29th **Racing.** 1,000 Guineas, Newmarket. Thirsk Meeting.

30th **Fox Hunting ends.**
Cricket. Opening of season at Lord's.
Motor Cycle Racing. North West 200, Londonderry.
Racing. Hurst Park, Thirsk and Proudstown Park (Navan) Meetings.

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

Travel and the Stage: A Novel of Youth

By "Junius"

Mrs. Alec-Tweedie

A recent photograph of the author of "Me and Mine," reviewed on this page. It is published by Hutchinson at 12s. 6d.

FEW people have had such a crowded life as Mrs. Alec-Tweedie. How crowded, how full of colour and movement, is set out in a new volume of her reminiscences, *Me and Mine* (Hutchinson; 12*s.* 6*d.*). From the time when, as a girl, she went to Iceland, and wrote her first book, *A Girl's Ride in Iceland*, describing what was then a practically unknown country, Mrs. Tweedie has been twice round the world, including journeys from the Himalayas to Central Africa, and from Siberia and Manchuria to Java and Ceylon. Since the war she has travelled over 100,000 miles. A truly indefatigable traveller.

Wherever Mrs. Tweedie has gone, she has met people who were making history. And she herself, being a woman of strong and vivid personality, has attracted their interest in return. The result is that in her book you have clever portraits of leading men all over the world, and since Mrs. Tweedie knows "everybody" in London, of prominent English people also.

EDISON told her in America that he found four or five hours' sleep sufficient, because he never took any exercise. "So that part of my human machinery," he said, "doesn't get tired or worn out and leaves more energy for the top storey." Speaking of sleeping, Mrs. Tweedie says that the late Lord Cowdray was "the most wonderful sleeper I ever knew." Once, when travelling in the same train with him in Mexico, one of his engineers asked her to "talk to the boss for half an hour after lunch," so that they could get a little rest. Working himself for sixteen or eighteen hours in the tropical heat, Lord Cowdray had practically exhausted his engineers. Mrs. Tweedie suggested half an hour's talk.

"All right," said Lord Cowdray. "A quarter of an hour's talk for you and a quarter of an hour's sleep for me." At the end of a quarter of an hour, he looked at his watch, lay down in the railway car and "was sound asleep in one minute," waking up exactly fourteen minutes and a half afterwards. Sir John Simon told Mrs. Tweedie he had trained himself to sleep in the same way.

MRS. TWEEDIE was the first tenant of the new flats in Devonshire House, and has a most charming abode a hundred feet above Piccadilly, an abode which has become famous for her roof-parties where you meet everybody in the worlds of art, the stage, literature, and politics. The twelve coloured plates in the book show another side of Mrs. Tweedie's versatility. After the tragic death of her second and only-surviving son—his brother was killed in the war—she took to painting as a distraction. The result are these brilliant illustrations, and four exhibitions in Paris and in London.

Dinner-Time Impressions

"Lord Meath and Sir Godfrey Langden at the Royal Empire Dinner." One of the many illustrations in Mrs. Alec-Tweedie's entertaining book of reminiscences, "Me and Mine"

Me and Mine is a kaleidoscope of colour, movement, and outstanding personalities, a book which nobody but Mrs. Alec-Tweedie could have written.

ANOTHER book of reminiscences is *Let's Pretend* (Grayson and Grayson; 15*s.*), by Cedric Hardwicke, with a sub-title "Recollections and Reflections of a Lucky Actor." Remembering Mr. Hardwicke's performances of Churdles Ash in *The Farmer's Wife*; of Dick Varwell in *Yellow Sands*; and in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, I think the "lucky" can be challenged. Mr. Hardwicke, in his modesty, has overlooked his own outstanding talent.

This is a pleasant record of life on the contemporary stage, written with fairness, perception, and a delightful sense of humour. Mr. Hardwicke tells this story, *à propos* of it being a point of honour with stage performers never to disappoint their audiences. One evening, halfway through the act of a troupe of acrobats, one of the men "started to pirouette off the stage in strict time to the incidental music." From the front his exit appeared perfectly natural, although he was holding his head sideways in an odd position.

"What's the matter?" the troupe leader whispered to him. "Where are you going?" "Nearest hospital," was the reply, "I've broken me blooming neck!"

Mr. Eden Phillpotts told Mr. Hardwicke that the reason why he had never seen a performance of *The Farmer's Wife* was that all the characters were taken from people he had known long ago in Devonshire. The play had been written for so many years—it went the round of all the London managers until Sir Barry Jackson saw its possibilities—that most of the originals had died. *The Farmer's Wife*, Mr. Phillpotts said, "was too full of ghosts for me to have seen."

The writer holds some challenging opinions concerning the theatre versus the films. The theatre, he says, has become afraid of being considered theatrical; "It was the film which became theatrical—the theatre drab. . . . It realised that the greatest asset of the theatre was theatricalisation, and seized it for its own."

THERE is spiritual beauty in *The Bud of the Spring* (Macmillan; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Mary Frances McHugh. It is the story of Eugene Barrett from his arrival, aged ten, at St. Damien's Orphanage until he leaves to take a place in a bookshop. We are told nothing of Eugene's origin, only that he had "no one who loved him, no one whom he really loved." In the Orphanage, Eugene makes two friends, and Miss McHugh uses the three boys to show differing lines of development in differing temperaments.

Eugene's character develops through his day-dreams. Under Miss McHugh's delicate, sensitive pen, you see the boy growing to youth like a flower gradually expanding. Rarely has a boy's character been so sympathetically treated in a novel. The atmosphere of St. Damien's, with its monks, each in their own way striving to fit the boys for their careers in the world, adds to the spirituality of the book. Miss McHugh has shown us that youth is not a period of sordid longings—as so many modern novelists would have us believe. In Eugene Barrett she has created the hopes, the aspirations, the ideals, sometimes inarticulate, but none-the-less deeply felt, that inspire youth at its best. She leaves him on the verge of manhood after a cruel experience with a married woman. "He knew without knowing it, that his life was but 'in the bud of the spring,' and all the joy of struggle was before him." Yes, a book of very high quality and aim.

'It will be on sale on May 1st
EVERYWHERE!'

'Why isn't Summer Shell
ready yet?'

Continental Air Specials for Whitsun

By Capt. C. E. Ward

At Hanworth

Sir Alan and Lady Cobham at Hanworth with some of the staff engaged for the National Aviation Day Campaign. On Sir Alan's left is Mr. E. B. Fielden, who will pilot one of the "Ferry" passenger machines, and on his right Mr. Lowe Wylde the famous gliding expert. Captain E. W. Stewart, the parachutist, is seen in white overalls on the right

In the Spring

EVIDENTLY a young man's fancy turns to other things than love, for the aerodromes are becoming crowded with young people eager to fly, and even those content to remain passengers are recommending the airway to their friends. Imperial Airways are operating supplementary services between London and Paris in each direction every Saturday and Sunday to cope with the rush, departures being at 4 o'clock from Croydon and Le Bourget. Fares are four guineas for the single journey, and six guineas covers a fifteen-day return ticket. During the Whitsun holiday week-end air-liners will leave the London and Paris airports approximately every two hours, but intending travellers should consult the nearest travel agent for exact times. On the 2nd May evening services commence, departures being at 6 o'clock, and dinner can be obtained en route. Some of the well-known people who have travelled by Imperial Airways during the past few weeks are Lord Londonderry, Sir John Simon, Baron Rothschild, Lord Lymington, Lady Carlisle, M. René Clair, Mr. Kaye Don, and Primo Carnera.

Out Heston Way

THE Marquess of Douglas and Clydesdale, Lord Douglas Hamilton, and Lord Willoughby de Broke have been flying at Heston, where the first-named keeps his machine when Parliament is sitting. From the flight records at Heston, I see that Mr. Nigel Norman took two passengers to Paris by Puss Moth in less than two hours; Captain Charles Barnard went to Amsterdam with the veteran Fokker, Mr. Gordon Store arrived from Paris, and Mr. W. L. Runciman left for the French capital to get married, both flying Puss Moths. Other Customs clearances included Mr. B. Goldman to Berlin, and Captain R. G. Cazalet from the Irish Free State. The charge for blind flying instruction has been reduced to £4 per hour at the Airwork School.

A Weight-Lifter

Flight-Lieut. Schofield, with the Fokker monoplane fitted with a Monospar wing, which carries about one-third greater load than the original wing. Production has been started on the four-passenger Monospar type, which will be all metal, with two Pobjoy engines. The Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce is using one for her endurance flight

Tips from the States

EVERY week I get a news letter from Barber and Baldwin, the underwriters who specialise in American aviation insurance. These letters contain not only news as such, but tips which are of value to all who fly. For instance, petrol vapour clings to the ground and may be ignited by sparks from an electric motor, so that a lower insurance premium can be claimed for fire risks in hangars where such motors are mounted higher than three feet. Streamline wires should be oiled regularly to prevent rust and corrosion, which can reduce torsional strength to a point where breakage will occur. To prevent forced landings due to a break in the throttle control link, fit a spring at the carburettor end to keep the lever in an operating position; a landing can be made in an emergency by using the switches. The total number of passengers carried across the Atlantic by steamer last year was 680,000, whilst regular air lines in the U.S.A. carried 522,000 people during the same period.

A Seaplane Pioneer

BY the death of Mr. Eustace Short, the aircraft industry has lost one of its pioneers, for he was constructing balloons and making ascents before the beginning of the present century. In 1908 he and his brothers, of whom Oswald Short remains as head of the firm, built their first aeroplane, and in 1909 Lieut.-Col. Moore-Brabazon won a prize of £1000 for the first circuit covering one mile in an all-British machine, this being built by the firm at their Eastchurch factory. Their first seaplane was built in 1912, and flown by the late Air Commodore Samson in the Royal Naval Review held that year. Short Brothers' seaplanes were built in large numbers during the War, after which the firm pioneered the construction of metal flying-boats. Sir Alan Cobham took the first of its kind, known as the "Singapore," on one of his longest flights through and round Africa, and the "Kent" type of more than 2000 h.p. is now used exclusively by Imperial Airways for its services across the Mediterranean.

A Private Flying Club

THE club which is run by the Household Brigade will hold its annual flying event at Heston on Wednesday, 18th May. Entries for the various competitions will be numerous, and the fixture is one which should not be missed on any account. All serving officers of the Brigade of Guards are members of the Club, and in addition sixty-five who are no longer on the active list. Sixteen members own twenty-three private aeroplanes between them, and twenty-five members hold "A" Licences.

FIFTH ANNUAL FLYING NUMBER

As announced briefly on this page last week, the fifth of our series of annual flying numbers will be published on May 25th. Our thanks are due to the Editors of "The Aeroplane," "Flight," "Air and Airways," and "Popular Flying" for so kindly having given us advance notices of this number

The graceful **NIGHTIE** or the sleek **PYJAMA**

Whichever you prefer, you'll find a delightful and inexpensive selection on Marshall & Snelgrove's Second Floor. Lingerie, cleverly simple in line for to-day's silhouette, is delicate and charming enough to satisfy an innate love of feminine daintiness.

Marshall & Snelgrove make all their lingerie items in their own workrooms, which accounts for leniency of price and beauty of detail. And here's another thought: June is not far off—so Brides-to-be will do well to start their Trousseau-hunting here!

LACE-TRIMMED chemise and knickers

(Top Left.) Chemise and knickers of pure silk satin beauté. Trimmed with insets of écru lace. All new lingerie colours. Price. Chemise **20/-** Knickers 20/-

(Bottom Left.) Two-piece pyjamas with black satin trousers and bright-coloured coat with long sleeves. Colours: red/green/yellow, blue/white/scarlet, etc. Price **50/-**

(Top.) Lingerie set of figured crêpe de Chine. The nightdress has flat pleats starting at the shoulders and held in place at the waist by a sash. The chemise fits closely to the body, and the knickers have a flat band at waist. With or without elastic at leg. Coloured grounds in pink, peach, nil, apricot or sky. Nightdress. **35/-** Chemise 25/9. Knickers 25/9.

(Bottom Right.) Dainty nightdress of pure silk satin beauté. V-neck, trimmed with écru lace. All good lingerie colours. Price **20/-**

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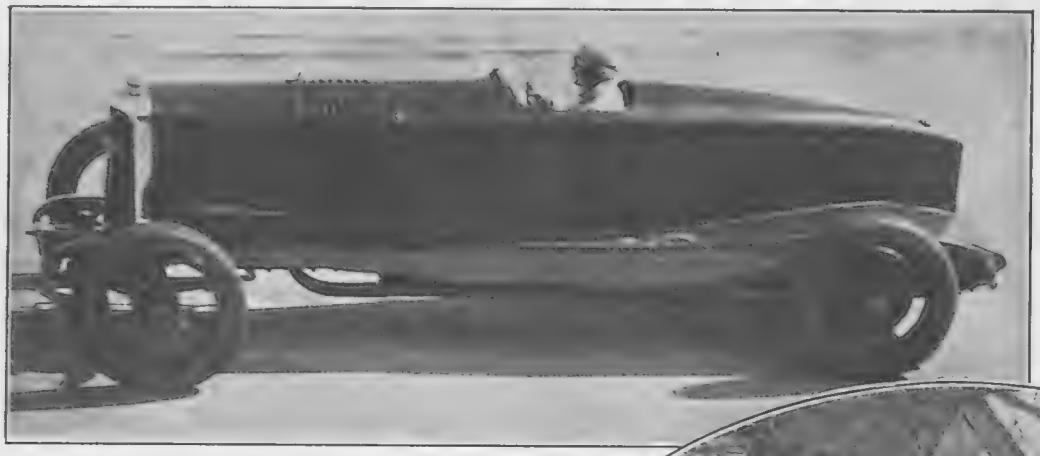
Next week is Sports Week—April 25—30. So come to Marshall and Snelgrove for the smartest of clothes and the most up-to-date equipment for sports and games of all kinds

Motorists, Make More Noise! By E. M. Wright



A Record-Breaker

Left: Mr. G. E. T. Eyston going all out on the Montlhéry track, when, driving an eight-litre sleeve-valve Panhard, lubricated with Wakefield's C.W. Castrol Oil, he established a new world hour record and also broke other existing speed records. His fastest lap was one of 137·83 m.p.h.

In the Cotswolds

Below: A smart 10-25-h.p. Rover Saloon model. It is seen at Broadway, that charming beauty-spot in the Cotswolds

ILLUSTRATING the benefits to be gained by sticking up for your rights is the story which the R.A.C. tells of a controversy that has raged for some time over level-crossing delays. A member complained of the inordinate delay at a certain crossing. A check was taken of the traffic between nine in the morning and eight at night, and during those eleven hours the gates were closed for very nearly six hours! It was quite normal for cars to be kept waiting a quarter of an hour before the gates were opened. The railway company was asked to put up a notice that the gates would be opened on request, but refused. The Ministry of Transport was asked to issue an order, but they, as is the way with Ministries, did nothing. In the meantime, so much stir had been created that the trouble solved itself, and the gates now open with reasonable dispatch. Someone in some secret department of the railway company was evidently forced to wake from his slumbers and actually do something!

THE story has a moral. If you are dissatisfied, make a noise. Relief will never come to those who suffer in silence; they are more likely to be imposed upon still further. It is regrettable, but it is true, that august bodies, such as government departments, railway companies, and the like, are only to be stirred into action by fuss and bother—and the more august the body the more fuss you have to make. I do not suggest that we should perpetually complain. Everlasting grousing achieves, in the end, as little as patient resignation. But where you have good cause for complaint, let that complaint be heard. Only thus shall we ever secure redress of grievances.

REDRESS of grievances is one of the primary functions of our big motoring organisations. They exist to watch our interests, to secure reform of existing abuses, and to prevent the introduction of new ones. In the past they have fought many a hard battle on our behalf, with no quarter given or taken. To-day they seek rather to gain their point by friendly diplomacy. They are, I know, anxious to avoid the impression that we are always discontented, always ready to complain. Tactful negotiations will often achieve more than downright bludgeoning, and by their tact and skill in negotiation the A.A. and the R.A.C. have certainly achieved much. This method of working *with* Authority, rather than *against* Authority, is admirable, provided there is fair give and take on both sides. Often, however, I wonder whether the A.A. and the R.A.C. are not a little too considerate of Authority, and too ready to give way for the sake of harmony.

IT is only through the A.A. and the R.A.C. that we can ever hope to "get things done." Individually, we are helpless. Only through big motoring organisations can we defend ourselves against persecution under existing laws, and only through the representations they make on our behalf can we hope to secure much-needed reform of those laws. Are they doing as much as they might, and is the rôle of courtly ambassador the only one they should adopt? The thousands of members who have themselves been harried by police persecution for petty offences would probably welcome a less fraternal attitude, and at times would gladly have the A.A. and the R.A.C. openly declare war. To them, the sight of our motoring organisations in friendly intercourse with the very officials who have authorised, or who have actually ordered, the persecution under which they suffer is adding insult to injury. All would be well if Authority were ready to respond to friendly overtures, but so often it happens that the only reward for the public service which the A.A. and the R.A.C. render the community is redoubled "police activity," and a bumper harvest of prosecutions and fines.

IF Authority refuses to honour the debt it owes the A.A. and the R.A.C., friendly intercourse should cease. It is time, then, that our motoring organisations used the power they undoubtedly possess, and the many resources at their disposal, to obtain by forcible means what friendly overtures have failed to secure. There are occasions when they are in honour bound to make themselves thoroughly unpleasant. I have no doubt at all that the level-crossing incident which has suggested this article caused quite a lot of unpleasantness, and on those grounds especially I congratulate the R.A.C. The important point is not that they succeeded in putting things right, but that they were ready to make so much fuss on a member's behalf. Our disabilities are so many and so real that I should welcome a more militant attitude on the part of both the A.A. and the R.A.C. Let us try the effect of less friendliness with Authority, and much more bother and fuss.

Same Old Headache Every Afternoon

A Sign of Poisonous Waste Accumulating in Your Body

That same old dull ache in your head every afternoon—that sudden mysterious tired feeling that comes on you before the day is done and sends you home more ready for bed than for your supper—it's one of the surest signs your intestines are falling down on the job and letting the waste matter accumulate. The stored-up waste putrefies—setting up toxins and poisons that sap your strength and energy, cause your head to ache and make you feel as if you had lost every friend in the world.

One of the best things you can do for sluggish intestines is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This has a splendid cleansing and stimulating effect on both the stomach and intestines. You can make the water and lemon juice doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder.

This is a famous old natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to flush the intestines and to combat the putrefactive processes and acidity. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish. Get about four ounces of Kutnow's Powder from any chemist to start with. Use it faithfully for six or seven days. The change in your condition will amaze you. You'll feel like a new person, improved in appetite, in colour and clearness of complexion. The years will have seemed to be lifted from your shoulders.

Every chemist knows the value of Kutnow's Powder and will be glad to sell you four ounces for a test.

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(ENGLISH SINGLES CHAMPION) said after playing on the newly-made "En-Tout-Cas" Courts in the Bermuda Championships, 1932. This has also been confirmed by well-known English players who have returned from Bermuda.

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IN THE NEWS

A Sales Record

In spite of world-wide depression, Coventry remains busy and cheerful. British motor production has fallen remarkably little, and some companies are actually enjoying a boom year. The Standard people, for instance, announce that their sales for March have broken every record in the history of the company. Such news is good to hear, and it speaks well for the future of the British motor industry when the present world-wide economic blizzard has ceased to rage.

Mr. J. W. Shillan, the owner of "Non Sequitur XI.," and Mr. Charles Harrison, the pilot, with the "Best Performance" Trophy and the second prize won at the Miami Beach Regatta. If Mr. Harrison had not been trapped into a false start, the boat, a "Rytecraft" hydroplane, powered with an Elto Racing Quad, would have easily won first prize

A New "Hornet"

A new model, the "Hornet Special," has been announced by the Wolseley Company. Designed for high speeds, it is fitted with twin carburetters with an electric petrol lift, a triple exhaust system, and an oil-cooler and filter. The silent third, four-speed gearbox, is operated by a conveniently placed "remote control" gear lever, and the dashboard equipment includes a large dial revolution counter. Following recent racing experience, the track is three inches wider in front than at the rear—a feature which gives greater stability when cornering at high speeds. Like other "Hornet" models, this little "Six" pays an annual tax of £12. The chassis only is supplied by the makers, at £175 complete.

Steep Hills

If you propose touring in hilly country, and particularly if you are going to take a caravan, a booklet you ought to have is *Steep Hills of England, Wales and Scotland*, which is issued free to members of the A.A. A new edition has just been published, giving details of all hills with a gradient of one in twelve or steeper. There are still plenty of hills which will tax the modern car, and which you should not attempt to descend if your brakes are not all they should be. But gradually they are disappearing. Quite a number of new roads are being built to by-pass steep and dangerous gradients. E.M.W.

MEMSAHIB GOES EAST

(*Continued from page 137*)

Guard, for I perceive the writing on the wall." For, even then, Cecily, with all the grace in the world, was forming Harold into fours and moving him off to the right in column of platoons.

That night, when the mob had departed, George, who was merely making the round trip, consumed a quiet drink with the purser. Presently George said reminiscently:

"We had some damned pretty girls this trip. There was Mrs. Agg-Simpson——"

"A nice woman," declared the purser. "This is her fourth crossing with me."

"And Mrs. Plastron——"

"Another nice woman. This is her third crossing with me."

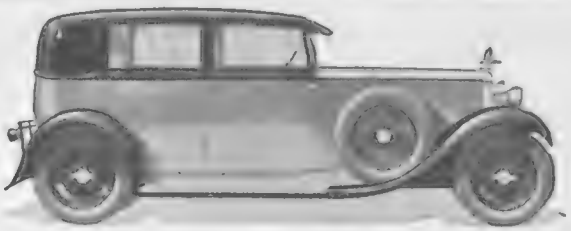
"And Cecily Orme-Ormerod."

The purser gulped his whisky and soda and beckoned the steward.

"The nicest girl in the world. She crossed with me on her honeymoon trip. My opinion is her husband doesn't understand her. Far too overbearing for a delicate little kid like that."

With difficulty George refrained from gasping. "You, too," he thought; "and pursers know everything!" Then George lifted his glass and drank a silent toast to Fluffles, because Fluffles, he felt convinced, must be a very brave man. F. E. B.

ALVIS



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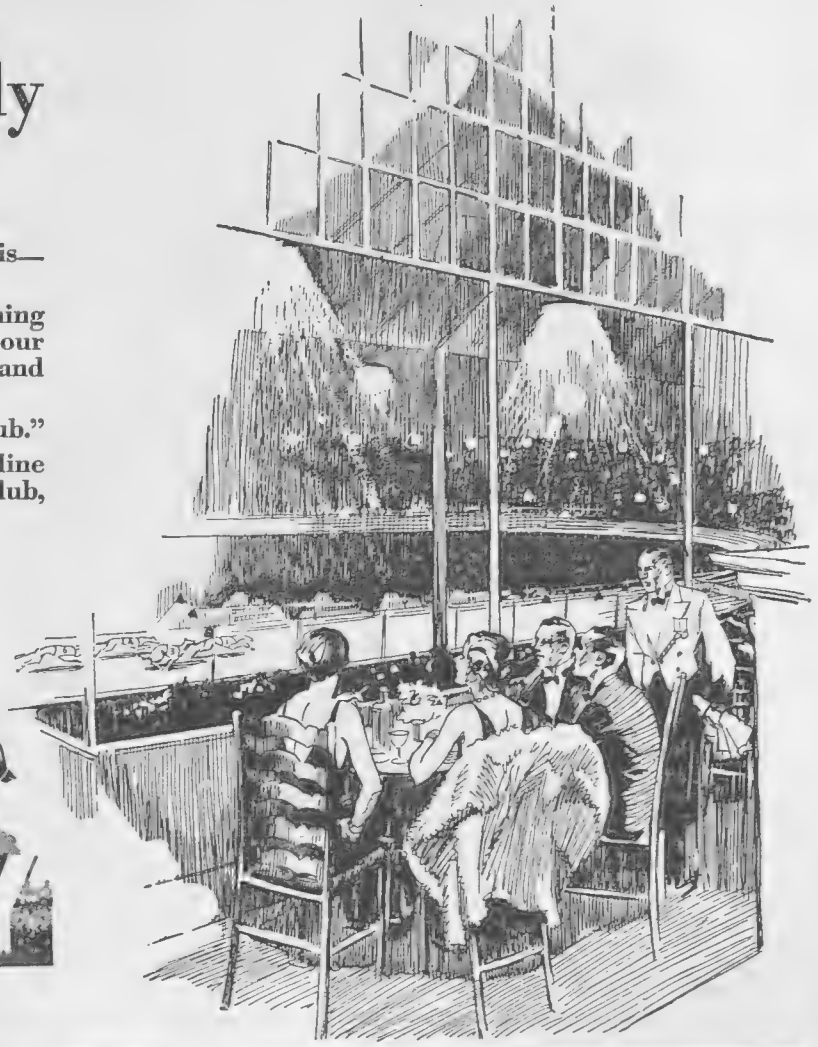
. . . but this is positively *marvellous* . . . . .

"I had no idea greyhound racing was like this—how perfectly thrilling!"

"Well, you said you wanted to do something different—so I fixed this up. What's your fancy? Have your soup while it's nice and hot, then look down the card."

"George, this is great! It's just like a club."

"Well, it *is* a club—why not join? Drop a line to the Secretary, Greyhound Racing Club, White City."



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and this is the lovely Signed Portrait *of*

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ON SALE NOW

In Hot Pursuit

Major D. Lloyd's English Setter, "Vineyard of Otham," and Mr. Isaac Sharpe's "Stylish Painter" taking part in the Derby Stakes at the Kennel Club's Pointer and Setter Field Trials. They were held at Orwell Park, near Ipswich

The Scottish Deerhound: By Lady Kitty Ritson

I was asked not long ago what was the origin of the Scottish deerhound? It is difficult, when delving in the dim mists of the past, to find out anything really authentic about the very old breeds, but certainly the deerhound was used by most of the ancient chiefs, both historical and legendary, in "the brave days of old." It is also probable that the deerhound is an older breed than the original Irish wolfhound. I say the "original" because the Irish wolfhound of to-day is a synthetic article. It is certainly improving, but it has no trace of the old original blood. It is a mixture of deerhound and Great Dane. In fact, it is doubtful whether the dogs that are referred to in history as being used to hunt the wolf in Ireland were anything but large greyhounds. However, whatever the true history of the Irish wolfhound may be, the Scottish deerhound is a true old breed.

It is probable that it was of a better type during the later Middle Ages than during the rebellion of 1745, when many writers of fiction like to suppose that it was then at its best. By that time it had deteriorated both in size and type. One must remember that in those days shows were unknown, and there was no system of pedigrees other than oral ones. Therefore many bitches must have produced litters by dogs of an alien breed, and the puppies may have been kept either because they were useful for some purpose or because there was some sentiment attached to the dam. These crossings were never recorded, and so future generations reverted to these "mongrel" ancestors, and nobody knew whence the faults came.

In 1838, a writer named Scrope dealt with the breed in a book called *The Art of Deer Stalking*, which is, I believe, now out of print. Scrope's book aroused interest in the Scottish deerhound, and many prominent people took up the breed and endeavoured to improve it. Queen Victoria, who was always more Scottish than the Scotch in her sentiments, kept some deerhounds at Sandringham, and this fact, of course, immediately caused the breed to become fashionable. It did not, however, escape a certain admixture of other blood, but on the whole this was judiciously used, chiefly for the purpose of increasing the size. Borzoi blood was used, but, as both breeds were hounds and of approximately the same type, this did no ultimate harm. This took place about 1870.

Just before the war deerhounds were very popular, but, like many other big breeds, several of the largest kennels had to be dispersed during those four years, and they do not seem to have regained their lost popularity. They are charming dogs and make good companions, but they are essentially dogs for the country, as they need plenty of exercise, and also out-of-door kennels, for when they get their coats wet they are apt to smell. They are not ungainly in the house, like an Irish wolfhound, and they can curl up in a small space.

As a breed it is not sufficiently well advertised, especially in these days, when publicity plays such a big part. Americans when they see them are great admirers of these hounds, and there should be a good market in America for them.

The modern deerhound stands from 28 to 30 inches at the shoulder, and bitches somewhat less.

THE EDITOR'S BOX

Golf Among the Pine-Woods

The first Municipal Golf Tournament held in Bournemouth last year was such a triumph, and was attended with such conspicuous success, that the organisers have been encouraged to proceed on more ambitious lines with the 1932 Meeting—the Second Open Amateur Golf Tournament at Meyrick Park and Queen's Park. The taste of every golfer has been adequately catered for, and a splendid range of competitions arranged. The Ladies' Meeting is fixed for the 5th—7th May, and the Men's Meeting from the 10th—14th May. Handsome trophies will be provided by the Bournemouth Town Council for the principal events. Much enthusiasm has already been shown by the local organisers in the project, and they are supporting the Corporation in their endeavour to make known the excellent facilities available to golfers at Bournemouth. The entrance fees are moderate; for instance, for each 18 holes event, 2s. 6d. per player, and for each 36 holes event, 5s., such fees to include all green fees, with two days' free practice, and the honorary membership of the Meyrick and Queen's Park and Bournemouth Golf Clubs. The Meyrick Park Course, situated near the centre of the town, 3½ miles in length, is now one of the finest 18-hole courses in the South of England, while the Queen's Park Links, though somewhat longer, is laid out on less exacting lines.

The fairways are not very wide, nor very flat, and the drive must be well placed or it will finish in the "rough"; and, whilst there are few hazards of an alarming character, it is quite easy to drop a stroke here and there without playing a very bad shot. The bogey of 75 corresponds with the Standard Scratch score, and a scratch golfer will need to play an accurate game if he desires to beat the bogey figures.

The Gourmet

Conducted by Emilia

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Filets de Sole en Casserole

Blanquettes de Veau à l'Italienne

Mouton à l'Indienne

Poulet en Casserole

Filets de Sole en Casserole

Roll up some small fillets of sole. Put them in an earthenware casserole dish with some tomatoes, peppercorns, and a very small onion; flavour with salt and pepper, and cover with stock. Place in a moderate oven for half an hour, remove the gravy, strain it and thicken it, and add half a glassful of sherry. Pour on to the fish in the casserole and heat for ten minutes in the oven. Serve in the casserole.

Blanquettes de Veau à l'Italienne

Melt 2 ozs. of butter in a casserole, stir in one heaped dessertspoonful of flour, add half a pint of hot white stock or milk, by degrees, stirring all the time. When it boils, put in some veal, cut in thin rounds, add a little chopped parsley and lemon peel and a little mace, and let it stew gently for an hour. Have ready cooked 4 ozs. of macaroni or spaghetti, and add it to the veal.

Mouton à l'Indienne

Melt 1 oz. of butter and stir into it one minced onion and one minced apple; fry thoroughly without browning. Add one dessertspoonful of curry powder, and fry again for a few minutes. Put into a casserole, with a cupful of good brown gravy and a teaspoonful of chutney, and simmer in the oven for half an hour. Have ready some nicely cut dice of mutton, add it to the sauce, and cook again in the casserole for three-quarters of an hour. Squeeze the juice of half a lemon into the curry. Serve with well-boiled rice.

Poulet en Casserole

Truss a fowl for boiling, and put it, breast downwards, into an earthenware casserole lined with slices of bacon. Allow this to fry a little, then add the giblets, a pint of stock, a carrot, an onion, a blade of mace, a teaspoonful of salt, and some black pepper or peppercorns. Cover closely, and cook in the oven till tender. Then strain off the gravy and season it. Cut the chicken up into joints, and garnish with the braised onion and carrots. A few mushrooms which have been cooked in butter will be found to be a great improvement. Thicken the gravy, and serve very hot in the casserole in which the chicken has been cooked.

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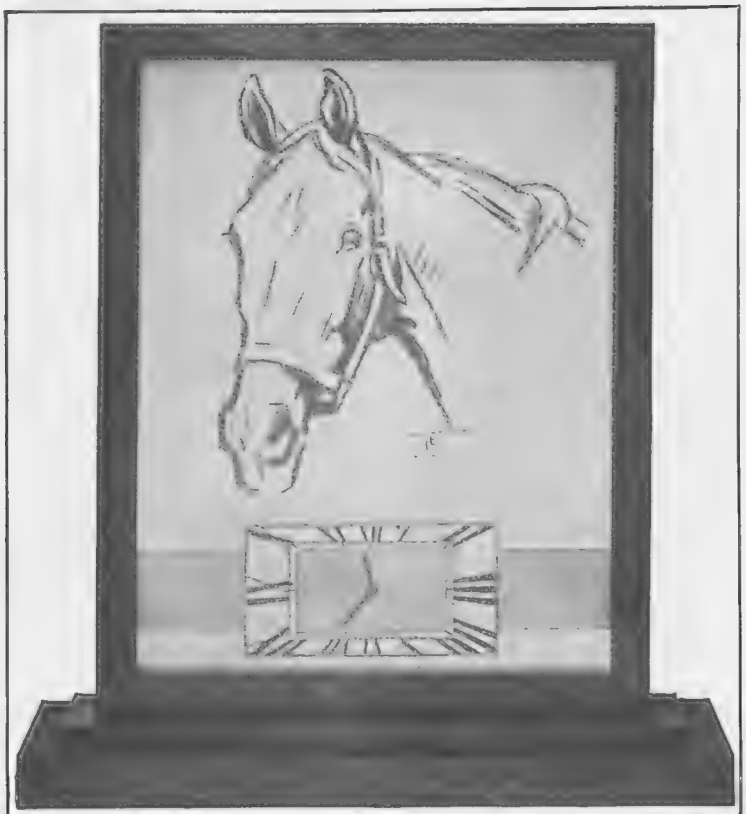

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1842

1932

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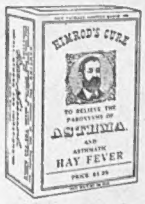

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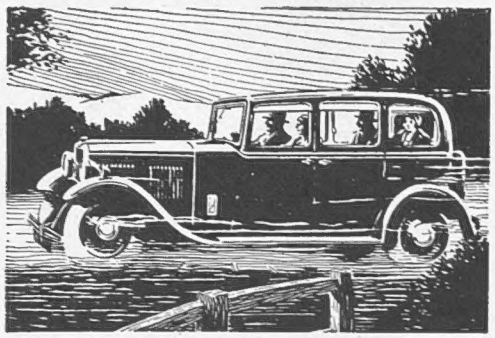

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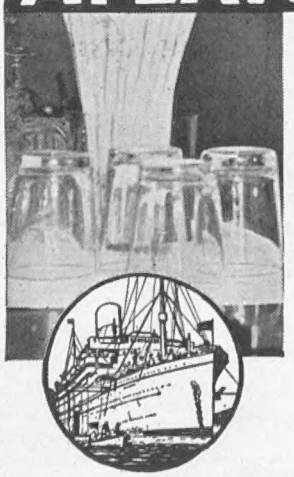

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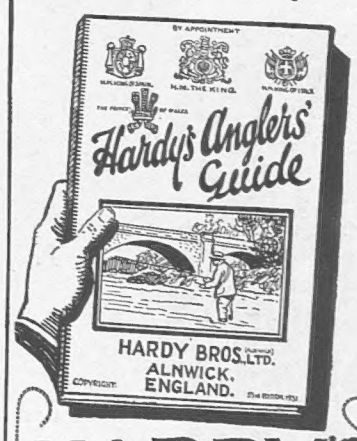

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Extract from the Diary of Sir Edward (5th Baronet)

His Guardian Angel

Sept. 6th, 1827:—" . . . . . and decided me to wager £1,500 on Matilda[1] to win me £10,000. But I cd not induce Gully[2] to lay me more than £5,000 to £750, tho I did argue and reason wth him for hrs. And evn wth all my searching (and Betty beseeching me to take no risk wth legs[3] not known to me) I cd find none who wd lay me that sum against ye filly. And Ld George[4] must needs tell me afterwds, wth a friendly derision, that he had gained over twice that sum by chancing pon Crockford[5] a while before the race."

1. Winner of the St. Leger in 1827.
2. A bookmaker reputed to have lost £45,000 on the 1827 St. Leger.
3. Slang word by which bookmakers were known in those days.
4. Lord George Bentinck.
5. A famous betting man and founder of Crockford's Club.

Sir Edward: "So backing a horse seems to have been a whole day's job in the old boy's time."

Lady Angela: "And not a very safe one, judging by Betty's concern. What would you do, Ted, if I tried to 'protect' *you* every time you made a bet?"

Sir Edward: "Ah, but she was his wife, dear. Marriage makes a difference—or it did in those days, anyhow."

Lady Angela: "*Those* days, indeed! Now then, Ted, which of my rivals has been putting worldly ideas into your head? But seriously—were there no bookies one could rely on?"

Sir Edward: "Well, I wouldn't go so far as to say that, but the trouble was to get hold of them. No telegraphs or telephones, remember. If you'd lived then, you couldn't have woken up with a 'fancy' and tottered to the 'phone in your . . . "

Lady Angela: "Shh, dearest. A woman likes to think she has her secrets. All the same, I should have missed such luxuries. No last-minute bets—no Tote doubles—no . . . "

Sir Edward: "In fact, Angela—no 'Duggie.' My two guardian angels—'Duggie' and . . . "

Lady Angela: "Not before dinner, Ted. Where's your technique to-day?"

DOUGLAS STUART, STUART HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2

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